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WILLIAM PITT FESSENDEN.

WILLIAM PITT FESSENDEN, the new Secretary of the Treasury, whose portrait we give on this page, was born at Boscowen, New Hampshire, October 16, 1806, and is therefore now fifty-eight years old. He was a graduate of Bowdoin College, at the early age of seventeen, and at twenty-one was admitted to the bar. Remarkable for energy and intelligence, his progress was rapid. He was a member of the State Legislature when only twenty-five years of age, and was the youngest member of that body. His insight into the details of Political Economy as connected with legislation was even thus early evidenced in a debate on the United States Bank, in which he won distinction. In 1840 the Whig candidate for Congress, and successful even beyond the limits of a party vote; in 1843 renominated, but declining from a choice to pursue his profession; in 1850 again elected, but deprived of his seat by a mistaken return of ballots; in 1854 elected to the Senate, where he was perhaps the ablest opponent to the Nebraska bill; again elected in 1859, for the six years which are just expiring; and now, in consonance with the wishes of the whole country, appointed to fill the most difficult and the most responsible position in the Cabinet—these have been the steps by which Mr. FESSENDEN, for more than a generation, has steadily risen in popular estimation and in his power to serve his country. Not known as a man of genius, or even of uncommon brilliancy, experienced in solid statesmanship rather than superficial policy, he perhaps more than any other man was fitted for the position which he now fills. This is no blind confidence, since Mr. FESSENDEN, as Chairman of the Senate Finance Committee, has given a foretaste of his greatness as a financier.

IN THE TRENCHES.

WE give on page 485 three illustrations of the siege of Petersburg, relating chiefly to the operations of our artillery.

Captain ASHBY'S battery, Third New York Artillery, the subject of one of these sketches, is close to the enemy's line, which it incessantly annoys with troublesome messengers, stirring up the rebel infantry and distracting the aim of sharp-shooters, which, in turn, do their best to kill our gunners.

Another sketch exhibits a method by which the gunners protect themselves against sharp-shooters. This is effected by means of *mantelets*, which are really nothing more nor less than rope-mats, heavily constructed, made to cover the embrasures, and having an aperture through which the gun's muzzle is thrust.

The *Cohorns*, which are the subject of the remaining sketch, are small brass mortars, which have proved of great service in demoralizing the enemy in his rifle-pits, in places where the lines are so close as to afford no available positions for light artillery. The Cohorns are fired over our own soldiers at a great elevation, dropping shells with effect upon the unseen defenders of the rebel works.

WILSON'S RAID IN VIRGINIA.

GENERAL WILSON'S raid, which we illustrate on pages 488 and 489, dealt a serious blow against LEE'S lines of communications with the South. This illustration affords the reader a vivid, and at the same time a correct, impression of the manner in which an extensive cavalry raid is carried. So far from being an irregular proceeding, a great raid is now as well organized as any other movement of the army; each man has his work to do, and one stage of operations succeeds another as regularly as the evolutions on a parade-ground. WILSON'S raid resulted in a destruction of sixty miles of railroad, a destruction in which the Danville and the Southside road shared about equally. General WILSON reported that it would take the rebels forty days, even if they had the material at hand to repair the loss. The expedition had some difficulty in returning; but it succeeded finally in eluding the enemy, getting back to our lines with a loss of twelve cannon and between 750 and 1000 men.

THE REBEL INVASION OF MARYLAND.

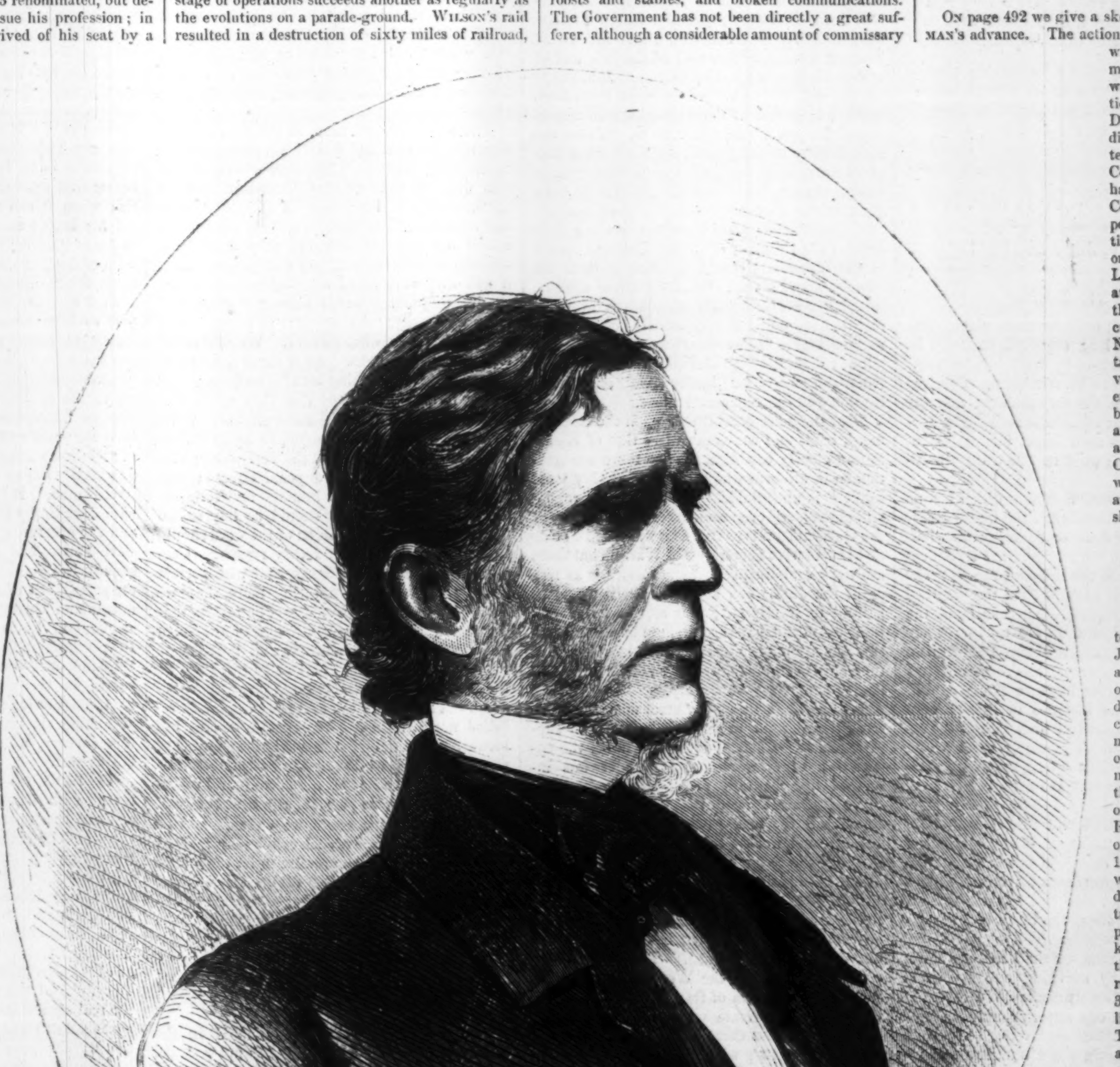
THE rebel raid in Maryland (illustrated on page 484), which a few days ago was the exciting theme of conversation, has vanished, leaving behind as the traces of its devastation desolated homes, empty roosts and stables, and broken communications. The Government has not been directly a great sufferer, although a considerable amount of commissary and ordnance stores were captured at Martinsburg. For the most part the burden of loss has fallen upon private citizens. The illustrations which we give refer to a few out of the many scenes connected with this raid; they need no detailed description. The Chesapeake and Ohio Canal runs along the line of the Potomac from Georgetown to Cumberland, where it terminates; it runs side by side with the Baltimore and Ohio railroad. The cost of the work was over twenty-two millions. The damage which the rebels have done will be easily repaired. It is an occasion for regret that they have been able to carry away so much plunder.

GENERAL SHERMAN'S CAMPAIGN.

ON page 492 we give a sketch illustrating SHERMAN'S advance. The action represented in the cut was only a part of a grand movement. The fighting was done chiefly by portions of JEFFERSON C. DAVIS'S and NEWTON'S divisions, of the Fourteenth and Fourth Army Corps respectively, who had orders to break the Confederate centre, if possible. At the same time an attack was made on the right and left by LOGAN and BLAIR. The attack on the centre, though gallantly executed, was unsuccessful. NEWTON'S division attacked on the right, DAVIS'S on the left. General HARKER, one of the best-beloved men in the army, a brave soldier and a true patriot, was killed. Colonel DANIEL M'COOK was badly wounded, and Colonel MITCHELL slightly.

THE FIRE IN BROOKLYN.

THE great fire which took place on Friday, July 15, in Brooklyn, and which we illustrate on page 493, is the most destructive which has occurred in that city for many years. The fire, occasioned by carelessness, broke out in one of the two great warehouses of Messrs. SCHENCK & RUTHERFORD, at the foot of Joralemon Street at 12½ o'clock, while the workmen were away at dinner. The two structures, partly of brick and partly of wood, were known as the Free and the Bonded warehouses respectively, extending 300 feet on the water-line and 200 feet deep. They were used for storage, and contained a great quantity of saltpetre, together with sugar, molasses, hides, and guano. As soon as the flames reached the saltpetre a terrific explosion took place, which shook the buildings in New York, and in the immediate neighborhood was very destructive to glass panes and frail ceilings. The explosion was repeated several times, and was so violent as to hurl firemen standing on the pier into the water. The immense crowd gathered about to witness the scene also suffered some annoyance from falling brick and timber which had been hurled into the air like rockets. Some



WILLIAM PITT FESSENDEN, SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY.

shipping in the vicinity caught fire but experienced no serious damage. We give in the illustration a representation of the boats towing out the Russian frigate from the point of danger. The entire loss, merely considering the contents of the warehouses, sums up to nearly a million of dollars. Large business houses and private cottages in the vicinity were seriously damaged. When the explosion commenced there was a panic on Furman Street which it is impossible to describe. Mothers were running about with their babies, and the street was filled with furniture, and the greatest excitement prevailed.

DROUGHT.

THE sky is brass, the lordly sun
Looks down with a fiery eye,
The shallow rivers scarcely run,
The streamlet's bed is dry.

The meadow's crust is stiff and hard,
The trees have a sombre hue,
The threadbare coat of the rusty sward
Needs patching with verdure anew.

Still bearing down, still staring down,
The remorseless rays are cast,
And scorching hamlet and seething town
Both swoon in their fiery blast.

The dust lies thick in the village road,
The cattle crowd to the muddy pool,
The swarming flies high revel hold—
Drowsily buzzes the village school.

Oh heavily droops the bearded grain,
The summer flowers wilt and die,
And stretch their tiny stems in vain
To the clouds for tears of sympathy

None come; but the sound men ache to hear
Is the hurtling rush of the arrowy rain
Hurling its cohorts from far and near
On roof-tree and window-pane.

A thousand tongues for its coming pray,
A thousand hearts for its advent long:
Oh come and chase our gloom away—
Descend, and fill the land with song!

July 20, 1864.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JULY 30, 1864.

MORE MEN.

THE Government calls for more men. The call has been long expected, and will be greeted with satisfaction by every loyal citizen. True wisdom consists in reinforcing ourselves upon every point at the very moment that the rebellion is straining its utmost strength against us: nor should any man forget for an instant the greatness of the work in which we are engaged.

We are fighting with a section which has no other thought or interest than the war. Every man who can bear arms or do any work whatever is dragged into the service. As a resident of the South writes to the Hartford *Press*: "The infirm even are not exempt from the practical operation of the conscription. The lame, the halt, and the blind, almost, are taken. They are food for cannon, and a diseased man fills a ditch as well as another......The reign of terror keeps down in a great measure home opposition......There is no instance in history of a more centralized despotism than that of the so-called Confederacy." The whole rebel region eats, drinks, and thinks war. It has no commerce; it has no trade. It raises its own food, and it agrees to consider brown paper money. Its soldiers are seized and forced to fight as long as the war lasts, at small wages or none. Its disaffected, the men who tacitly oppose the rebellion as our Copperheads favor it, are hunted and tortured and shot and hung. The rebellion has the fierceness, the unity, and the tyranny of a savage despotism.

It is very clear that we shall not put down such a rebellion by swinging our heels and grumbling at the Government. We shall not do it by counting our superior numbers and calculating our greater resources. We shall do it only by bringing those numbers and resources to bear. At this moment, when the rebellion is playing its most strenuous and desperate game, the Government wants men. Why do we not see that they are supplied, instead of sneering that we ought to have them? The rebels dash over the border into Maryland. "Why does the Government allow it?" somebody indignantly asks. The chances are that the somebody who says so has neither been to the war, nor sent a substitute, nor tried to do so, and that he pays his income-tax with a groan or an oath.

Our business is not to sneer and grumble at the Government, but to help it. If somebody stops in his growling to say that it is useless to trust men or money to such a Government, then somebody merely reasons in a circle. For why grumble at a Government for not doing what you will not give it the means to do? But besides reasoning in a circle, somebody implies that the men are not put to good service. But if serving with GRANT and SHERMAN, with FARRAGUT and WINSLOW is not good service, what is? Those eminent philanthropists, the "Conservatives," who massacred negroes last summer, declare that the wicked Government is piling up hecatombs of our fellow-citizens to glut its fierce lust of political power. But is an armed rebellion, of the scope of this, to be gently patted down with olive branches or extinguished with smooth drivel?

The Government asks us all to stand by it in this great war, with men and money. While the armies penetrate Georgia and Virginia it asks an army for the frontier—an army of reserves. To make assurance sure it must have the great reserve of the country to call upon at any moment. Every arm-bearing man in the free States who cares enough for his country to fight for it at need should be enrolled and drilled every week. When Captain WINSLOW'S crew shipped in the *Kearsarge* twenty-five of them could scarcely stir the eleven-inch Parrotts. After a season of steady drill they whipped them about like marline-spikes. Let us be drilled, and our raw militia becomes the skillful crew. The pirate SEMMES says he hoped to board the *Kearsarge*. The brave tars of that glorious ship were trained for exactly that attempt, and longed for the rebs to try it. Let us be trained, and when the rebs try boarding the free States we shall show them, likewise, that we have them just where we want them.

The tortoise outran the hare because he meant to win. Our enemy is equally in earnest. Let us be in earnest, and not go to sleep again in Pennsylvania and Maryland, and we shall take the victory that belongs to us.

CORRUPTION.

THE gentlemen who ardently sustained the Administration of which the late lamented General JOHN B. FLOYD, and Mr. JACOB THOMPSON, and Mr. HOWELL COBB, and Mr. ISAAC TOUCEY were members and ornaments, and of which Messrs. WIGFALL, SLIDELL, JEFFERSON DAVIS, and TOOMBS were eminent supporters, are lost in horror at the corruption and treachery of the present Administration. There was such fidelity to the Union, such impartial love of country, such devotion to the Constitution among the gentlemen who received the pay of a government they were conspiring to destroy, that their friends and supporters can see little hope of the Union or of the Government except in the immediate return to office of their old associates and allies. "Conservative" doctors, especially, are extremely despondent over the fact that the political sympathizers of Mr. JEFFERSON DAVIS are not likely to be triumphantly put at the head of the Government by the loyal American people, and loudly bewail official corruption and the degenerate times.

That there are great frauds upon the Government, trials and convictions like that of KOHNSTAMM clearly establish. That there are gentlemen in uniform who take pay and play "old soldier" is undeniable. That there are rogues still abroad, and even sometimes in the employ of the Government, is as true as it was when FLOYD and DAVIS were Secretaries of War. That there are weak spots in the revenue service is as true as in the days when names which it would be painful to specify gave that service its reputation. And finally, that public abuses and corruptions are proportionably much less now than they have been for many years is as true as that liberty is nobler than slavery.

When so immense a war burst upon the country, involving the raising, equipping, and supplying of an enormous army and navy, the opportunity of swindling and plunder was increased ten thousand fold. No Government could possibly prevent it. The only hope of escaping it lay in the universal honesty of the people; and if that failed—if it chanced that the people were not entirely honest—the rogues would have their game. The duty of the Government was to expose and punish the gamesters as fast as it could find them; and this duty has not been omitted, but has been faithfully and constantly performed. The public commission that sat in the Western Department, where a vast system of frauds was alleged, and the incessant private watchfulness of special agents, show that there has been no disposition to slur this duty; while the personal character of the gentlemen who have permanently composed the Administration has been such as to persuade every honest man in the land that, at least, corruption had not its head-quarters in the Cabinet itself, as in the régime of rebels and their friends, whose return is so naturally desired by the pure and "Conservative" patriots who had no objection to Mr. FLOYD, but who find Mr. STANTON altogether culpable.

If any loyal man, therefore, is pained by the discovery of dishonesty among contractors, soldiers, agents, or ostensible friends of the Government, let him remember the circumstances of the country, and reflect that such things are inevitable under any administration whatever during a war. JOHN HOOK hoarsely bawling beef, beef, beef, through the Continental camp in the Revolution, shows that even the times that tried men's souls could not destroy selfishness. Let every good citizen, therefore, strenuously demand and support the investigation of all charges of corruption, wherever they may be laid and upon whomsoever they may fall. But at the same time let him discriminate. When he hears any ancient ally of FLOYD & Co. piously decrying corruption, let him suggest to the critic that the characters of the men and of the policy which he has always unshrinkingly supported make his criticisms suspicious. When Robert Macaire accuses his neighbor of stealing, Master Robert must not be surprised if people feel of his own pockets before they touch his neighbor's.

PEACE.

THE duration of the war and its cost in life and money incline some quiet souls, who would never consent to disunion, to ask whether we had not better try to find a shorter road to peace than fighting. But is there any such road? Is there any so short a way out of the war as through it? Suppose that the Government should order General GRANT to send in a flag of truce and propose an armistice. What should follow?

Should we ask the rebels upon what terms they would agree to return to the Union? But they do not wish to return. They have done with the Union. The error of the honest peace men is that they do not see the rebellion to be the expression of a determination of the rebel leaders to found a separate government. They know, if we do not, that a system of free labor and of slavery can not coexist in a political society like ours. It has been tried from the beginning of our Government, and was practicable for seventy years only because during that time the interest of slavery constantly overbore that of freedom. The moment it was clear that freedom was to prevail, the friends of slavery tried to withdraw to form a new nation. They did not question the fairness or constitutionality of the election. They did not even wait to see if any illegal acts were to be attempted. They said simply, as Mr. RHETT expressed it, that "it is nothing produced by Mr. LINCOLN'S election or the Fugitive Slave Law. It is a matter which has been gathering head for thirty years."

The rebels armed, then, in the firm conviction that freedom and slavery were incompatible in the same Union. They were willing to risk war with an established Government, with a much greater population, with infinitely superior resources. For three years they have maintained the contest, although they have been steadily reduced in territory and power. And if now they were asked what terms they would accept, they must needs answer "disunion." They would say, 'Let us part in peace. You want liberty; we want slavery. We said so before we began to fight. After these three years we certainly say nothing less."

But if we should reply that they might dictate terms, would they be more pliable? If we should say that we would agree to tolerate slavery in any State, and in all the Territories; that its discussion should be a penal offense; that any body who denied its humane and religious and civilizing character should be imprisoned for life, and that the mention of the word should be a capital crime, would they return? Certainly not. They would say, and with perfect truth, that we were promising more than we could perform. They would say, and truly, that they knew the sincere sentiment of the loyal States was averse to slavery, and that consequently the mind and heart and conscience of the North would inevitably break any such agreement. They would say that they originally rebelled not because of any violation of law, but because of a difference of conviction; and they would add, that while any kind of material interest might be adjusted a radical moral difference could never be permanently compromised.

What arguments could we offer them that would break the force of such convictions? What more could we do than promise to let them have their own way? When they declined such terms, what would remain but either to consent to disunion, or to compel them to submission to the Government?

"CONSERVATISM."

SINCE "Conservatism" culminated in the bloody riots of last summer it has not paraded its name very conspicuously. But of late we have observed that it begins to plume itself a little. "Conservative" men are invited to do this and that. Certain movements are described as "Conservative." "Conservative" opinions are warmly commended. Let us see, then, what Conservatism truly is, and test the claims of that which just now in our history endeavors to assume the name.

The inevitable and eternal activity of the human mind tends constantly to draw society into ceaseless progress. This is the spirit we call Reform. It is the wind that forever fills the sails and moves the ship. Conservatism is the rudder which holds the moving ship to its course. The happy progress of society is achieved by the harmonious co-operation of both. Reform stimulates; Conservatism directs. In this true sense young men are reformers, old men are conservatives; or, as was anciently said, youth for action, age for counsel. But both are for progress; for without movement society, like the individual, dies.

Each of these tendencies, of course, has its extremes. There is an extravagance of reform which blows upon the sails with a fury that splits them, and a foolishness of Conservatism which deserts the rudder for the anchor. Both produce the same result; they stop the ship.

Apply these plain truths to our own situation. We are maintaining a Government founded in impartial liberty against a rebellion for the destruction of the Government and the perpetuity of Slavery. What is true Conservatism in such a contest? It is that course which steadily and strongly promotes the success of the Government and the overthrow of the rebellion. A true Conservatism aims first and always to preserve the vital principle of the Government.

Are then the ignorant, drunken brawlers who lustily denounce "niggers," or the better dressed and educated who accuse the Executive of pure despotism; who destroy public confidence in the management of the finances, of the army, of the navy; who sneer at all measures proposed; who exaggerate our military misfortunes; who extol rebel successes; who charge the guilt of beginning the war upon the loyal States, and that of continuing it upon the Constitutional authorities; and who deny the valor of soldiers if they are negroes, in the face of the plainest facts—are these persons, who in every way embarrass the Government, dishearten the people, and favor the triumph of the rebellion and slavery "Conservatives?" Yet there is not a single journal or orator or convention which now calls itself "Conservative" that does not do some or all of these things.

To such dull folly does this kind of "Conservatism" naturally fall that recently one of its organs deliberately declared the assault of the colored troops upon Fort Wagner, a year ago, to be a fiction. Anxious to pander to the meanest prejudice that ever imbruted any portion of a civilized people, and fearing lest slavery should become more revolting in the light of the glorious heroism of men of the enslaved race, a newspaper peculiarly fond of calling itself "Conservative" denies that there was any such assault. It might as well deny that there was any Fort Wagner or any battle; and it may hope to be believed when it can heal the hearts that ache and break because of that battle; when it can restore the brave youth who led his heroes to the parapet, fell with them, and was "buried with his niggers" by the enemies of God, of man, and of the country, whose cause this "Conservatism" obsequiously serves.

Just as true, just as loyal, just as patriotic, just as humane, generous, and noble as this statement is the spirit that calls itself "Conservatism." It is the same spirit which formerly denounced the lawful opposition of the country to the encroachment of the slave power—first as fanaticism, and then as sectionalism. It is the same spirit which toadied the leaders of rebellion when they were in power, and called JAMES BUCHANAN and JEFFERSON DAVIS "national" men. It is the same spirit which beheld with equanimity the annihilation of free speech and the overthrow of the Constitution in all the slave States, and denied the moral right of citizens in the free States to discuss slavery. It is the same spirit of folly, which, despising human nature and history, was incarnated in the monseigneur of France, and produced the French Revolution: in CHARLES and JAMES STUART of England, and convulsed the kingdom for fifty years: in GEORGE III., and occasioned our great Revolution; and, finally, in the devotees of human slavery at the North and South in this country, who have plunged us into this bloody war.

The true Conservatism of our Revolution protested with OTIS, ADAMS, and WASHINGTON against the encroachment of parliamentary power. The false cried, with Dr. JOHNSON, "taxation no tyranny." The true persisted, tried every legal form of redress, and, when it failed, was deluded by no siren song of peace and quiet and prosperity, but declared the independence of America and fought for six years. The false Conservatism decried the true, then as always, as radical, revolutionary, and incendiary. And the same spirit to-day, despising the real significance of the word it misuses, opposes a dull resistance to every form of progress and development which an enlightened people necessarily makes under free institutions. Consequently it is at once impotent, ridiculous, and contemptible. The Lamia, in the Greek story, smiled like a lovely woman; but the eye of the philosopher saw what she was, and brought her writhing to the ground a loathsome snake. The modern Lamia will find the common sense of the Yankee as terrible as the philosopher's eye.

FIGHTING FOR OUR FOES.

IT is only gradually that the facts appear which illustrate the terrorism under which the people of the rebellious States have long suffered. Thus we find in a MS. letter now in our possession, written and sent from New York by a "friend of the South" in January, 1861, less than two months after the secession of South Carolina, the following passage:

"I find much money from the Gulf States is seeking investment here. I see letters from South Carolina bitterly denouncing the forced collection of money. One gentleman writes that he was visited the day he wrote by 25

minute-men, who ordered breakfast, *maltreated his servants*, and forced $200 from him."

Take this fact as a specimen, put it with the innumerable instances of the actions of Vigilance Committees in lonely country districts throughout the South—the mock trials, tortures, and executions of men whom any ruffian for any purpose chose to denounce—and what an appalling picture we have of the necessary condition of a society in which almost half the population were regarded as chattels, and in which a few great proprietors, owning the land and the laborers, kept their white fellow-citizens ignorant and debased in order that they might submit without repining to their own poverty and wretchedness, and to the slavery of the blacks! Of course, as in the case mentioned in the letter, the consequences of such a state of things sometimes recoil upon the authors, and the victims of the tyranny play the tyrant.

Many of these wretched victims are in arms against us. But we are fighting for them. The war for the Union and the rights secured by the Constitution is a war for their social and political salvation, and our victory is their deliverance. As the guns of GRANT and SHERMAN shake down their idols and clear the air, these men, and deluded fellow-citizens of ours, will see that in this country whatever degrades labor injures every laboring man, and that equal rights before the law is the only possible foundation of permanent peace and union. It is not against the people of those States, it is against the leaders and the system which have deprived them of their fair chances as American citizens, that this holy war is waged. God send them and us a good deliverance!

REUTER.

THERE is a person in England by the name of REUTER who has the supervision of the telegrams to the London press. He announced Mr. LINCOLN's nomination as follows: "*Mr. Lincoln has accepted the nomination of the Baltimore Convention, and opposes the amendment to the Constitution prohibiting Slavery.*" In view of the fact that the acceptance thus telegraphed was the response to the interview with the Committee, in which the President read a written and unqualified approval of that amendment, this is very well for REUTER. We wonder whether that worthy purveyor of news announced that the *Alabama* had sunk the *Kearsarge*. Judging from the past, however the mistake occurred, the telegram said precisely what REUTER and the English friends of the rebels wished might be true. For he knows instinctively that the sympathy of the working-people of England, which controls the action of the Government, would desert our cause if they could only be made to believe that we had ourselves betrayed it.

NEW BOOKS.

A DASHING, smashing novel is "Captain Brand, of the *Centipede*, a Pirate of Eminence in the West Indies, his Loves and Exploits," by HARRY GRINGO. (HARPERS.) It is crowded with the exciting incident which, in these days of the *Alabama* and *Kearsarge*, is most timely; and in this summer weather it is pleasant to hear the roar of the surf and feel the breath of the gale that sounds throughout the story. It is melodramatic, of course. Pirates and the Gulf can not be otherwise. But the hearty welcome of "Captain Brand" in London, where it has been already published, shows that HARRY GRINGO's hand has not lost its old cunning; and the readers of "Los Gringos" and "Scampavias" will not willingly lay down this last and most important work of the author.

The author of "Guy Livingstone" will always be sure of his audience. So eminent a preacher of muscular Christianity, in the proportion of a ton of muscle to a grain of Christianity, has a fascination for a very large diocese. "Maurice Dering" is his new story, just published by the HARPERS. It is not very long, and is a tale of passion and revenge. The book is a curious study of the author's mind, which is peculiarly English, although not in the best sense. Like "Guy Livingstone," it reveals a certain brutishness of nature, a Berserkir quality, which explains much British history.

The third part of "Our Mutual Friend" is published in *Harper's Monthly* for August. DICKENS is all himself in it. The profuse, rollicking humor of the portraiture of the Boffin family is in his most excellent vein, and the extravagance is in the direction in which he is always best. This story is read, perhaps, better serially than in any other way, because it is more fully read. So pleasant a monthly morsel we are sure to turn and taste all over. Boffin is one of the grotesque masks with which DICKENS delights to cover a simple, faithful, genial human heart, and which reminds us of the variety of our common humanity.

In the same number of the Magazine we may also mention the graphic and touching sketch of THEODOSIA BURR and the interesting account of the Shakespearian Tercentenary at Stratford.

THE LATEST REBEL POETRY.

THE poetic muse still lingers in the Southern land. The rebel rhymsters are not all conscripts, nor the rebel women all utterly forlorn. There is, after all, a great deal of vitality in the rebels, and although the half of them are fighting, and half of the other half starving, it seems that among the remaining quarter some yet affect to be poets; and complaisant editors of dingy, half-sheet, rebel newspapers encourage their "fine phrensy" by printing their effusions in small type in obscure corners of their journals.

By favor of friends in Nassau—which portion of the British possessions every body knows to be the "neutral" head-quarters of the blockade-running interest—we have come into possession of late files of Southern newspapers, containing numerous specimens of fresh poetical contributions. These rhymes are of all sorts, and written in every kind of metre. The elegiac, lyric, sentimental, amatory, and patriotic are all represented; and although their order of merit is not of the highest, their value as literary curiosities is not of the lowest.

A New York publisher has recently issued a compilation of "Rebel Rhymes and Rhapsodies," collected from the Southern journals during the first year or two of the rebellion, and this volume is an interesting and valuable addition to the war-literature of the time; but since the date of its publication there have been various occurrences calculated, as Mr. Yancey observed, to "fire the Southern heart," and especially to stimulate the Southern muse—such, for instance, as the death of the rebel General J. E. B. Stuart (commonly called "Jeb" Stuart) in battle, during the present campaign of General Grant. Stuart was killed by a rifle-shot in one of the early fights in May; and having been buried in Richmond, with such military honors as the meagre means of that harassed capital afforded, elegiac poets came to cast their bays upon his tomb. One of these effusions, published in a Richmond paper, is entitled "The Dead Cavalier," and bears the signature of one J. Marshall Haines. It opens thus:

The drums came back muffled that, beating aloud,
  Went out in the morning *all thrill* to the fight;
For the hero lies dead in his battle-flag shroud,
  And his steed is led groomed without rider to-night.
Then beat the drums muffled, and play the fife low,
And march on the *cortége* to cadences slow.

Then the poet bids the beholder "stand by the corse," and

——Look down on that face;
Mark where the bullet burst its way through—

and proceeds to tell of

——The story he wrote with the point of his sword:
How it thrilled through the cities, how it stirred up the land.

In a better vein than this is another—"In Memoriam"—on the same subject, purporting to be written by H. C. Alexander. It has a melodious ring:

Ten thousand scabbards ring with joy
  To avenge the honored gore;
Ten thousand sabres flash in air,
Ten thousand heaving breasts are bare,
  Though Stuart is no more!

No more! and is it then too true?
  Does Bayard live no more?
Nor yet again that flowing crest
Shall we behold with girlish zest
  Confront the battle's roar?

No more upon the battle's front
  Shall Stuart lead the van—
Asleep the rare Virginian lies,
Nor recks he 'tis the foe that flies,
  While scowls the grim Redan.

Thou of the soldier's mien and brow,
  Mourn'st thou dead Jackson's charge?
Mourn for the knighted *Stuart* slain,
Who brought you Jackson back again,
  By Rappahannock's marge!

Nor is this elegiast inclined to relinquish hope, even though "the flowing crest" lies low, for he adds:

The royal blood is not extinct,
  Though Rupert stains the sod;
Though Stuart falls, the Cavaliers
Their bugles wind amid their tears,
  And put their trust in God!

One more specimen of this elegiac poetry catches the eye. It is indited by Miss Margarita J. Cavedo in memory of Mrs. Beauregard, the wife of the rebel General. This piece of verse appears in the Mobile *Register* of May 6, 1864. We copy its concluding stanzas—the passionate utterance of a Southern woman:

Upon our country's altar still we lay
  With bleeding hearts our precious sacrifice;
Accept it, God! with pallid lips we pray,
  Of Southern Liberty the sacred price.

O women of the South! in darkest hour
  How have ye meekly stood, an angel band;
How by your brave endurance earned the dower
  Of freedom for our suffering, struggling land.

Turning from these sombre pieces to the gayer efforts of the Muse, we find in the Mobile *Sunday Tribune* the following choice malediction upon the President of the United States—evidently the production of some jovial rebel who determined to try what he could do:

TOASTS TO ABE LINCOLN.

THE HEAVY CURSE.

May Heaven's curses, dark and dire,
Commingled with Almighty fire,
Fall on your head and press you down
With dreadful torture to the ground!

May peace forever from you fly,
Pleasures fleet when they seem nigh,
And in their place may gnawing pain
Seize and rack your burning brain!

May sleep ne'er bless your weary eyes,
Nor guardian angels from the skies
Around your bed their vigils keep,
To guard you well should e'er you sleep!

May friends forsake you in distress,
And no kind hand assist or bless,
But all the world to you be foes,
And crush your life with bitterest woes!

May loathsome sights appall your eyes,
And wasting-age and maladies
So mar your life that thou shalt rave
For final refuge in the grave!

On you may hell put forth its might,
And shroud your soul in endless night;
May this e'er be thy resting-place,
And that of all your cursed race!

And if there be a curse more dire
Than hell with all its liquid fire,
Oh, may it in your soul e'en creep,
And hellish fiends their nightly orgies keep!

TOASTER.

In this case "Toaster" must be a misprint for "Roaster." No *anathema marenatha* of indignant Pontiff was ever more hearty and precise. So far as we can learn, however, Mr. Lincoln still sleeps o' nights, just as if "Toaster" hadn't cursed him so heavily.

The sentimental mood inspires "Fireside Musings" in the mind of another Mobilian, who writes four plaintive verses, one of which is as follows:

And my child upon me smiling,
From my heart all grief beguiling,
Seems an angel sent to cheer me in this dark and troublous hour;
Like link 'twixt earth and heaven,
Like a solace to me given,
Bearing me above the tempest and the clouds that o'er us lower.

It would be impertinent to hint that this resembles Poe. It is only the utterance of a Poet.

Two new war-songs appear among this collection. One of them is given below, according to the original; and it is certainly a unique production:

THE WAR SONG.

1 Ime called to camp to leave my home
my wife and Childrin too
and thare await my awfull doom
as many other doo

2 I march in to the battle field
and thare to risk my life
thare men there bloody weapons yeeld
for battle ware and strife

3 all those to me hoo are so deer
they weep they greave and mourn
they live in dred of Death and fear
that I mite nere return

4 but so it is I must submit
what ere my fate may be
to bare the tryels I have to meet
my God to strengthin me

5 should this not fill a human brest
and bare upon the minde
I can not help but feel distrest
for these I left behinde

6 the sad effects of war I feel
for sin my Just reward
yet if it be my Makers will
my life may still be spard

7 Lord be with all of mine I pray
and all of my concerns
and make us wise from day to day
thy richis Lord to lern

8 it may be that this war will end
and prisners all set free
and vollinteers returning home
and shouting victore

9 if Ime called home whilst I am gone
shed not a tear for me
but tell to all my friends a round
I Died for liberty

10 thare our Widows are left to mourn
for Husbands once so Dear
hoo fell upon the battle ground
and never made to fear

11 now I must say farewell to you
and sad it is to me
to think that I my love no more
perhaps on earth shall see

12 but if I never more see you
I hope youl pray for me
while I am roveing ore the hills
for the sake of liberty

"The Contraband's Return" is a beatific vision of the happy time when the runaway slave will trot home to a "master," and pray for the privilege of being once more sold and beaten. The writer puts these words into the mouth of this impossible African:

Don't you know me, Massa William?
  Don't you know me, Missus dear?
Don't you know old Aunt Rebecca,
  Who went away from you last year,
With Peter, Phil, and little Judy,
  To join the wicked Yankee crew?
But I've come back, my dear old Missus,
  To live and die with you!

I never knew the old plantation
  Was half so dear a place to me
As when among that Yankee nation
  The robbers told me I was free!
But when I looked around for freedom,
  (We thought it something bright and fair)
Hunger, misery, and starvation
  Was all that met us there.

* * * * * * *

O, Massa William, see me kneeling!
  O, missus, say one word for me!
You'll let me stay? Oh! thank you, massa;
  Now I'm happy! now I'm free!
I've seen enough of Yankee freedom,
  I've had enough of Yankee love!
As they have treated the poor negro,
  Be't done to them above.

Here is a little prose poem of a peculiar style:

As long as the Union was faithful to her trust like friends and like brothers we were loving and were just but now that Northern treachery attempts our rights to mar but we'll hoist on high the bonnie blue flag that bears the single star. Chorus—hurra hurra.

Then cheer boys cheer Raise on high the Joyous shout for Arkansas and North Carolina has both went out then let another Rousing cheer for tennesse Be given for the single Star of the bonnie Blue flag has grown to be eleven. Chorus—hurra hurra.

There are many more of these curious productions—elegiac, lyric, sentimental, didactic, and patriotic—but we conclude with the following very creditable specimen of the rebel amatory style, "written for the Mobile *Tribune*."

"OUR JESSIE."

Our Jessie is pretty and fair,
Our Jessie is merry and true,
I'm half dying with love,
I could eat up her glove,
And drink my Champagne from her shoe.

Oh Jessie, My Lady, My Love,
Oh Jessie, so pretty and wise,
What good 'neath the sun,
Can I ever have done,
To merit the light of thine eyes?

For Jessie, for Jessie, my life,
For Jessie, through darkness and rain,
I'd go at her beck,
Though a cord for my neck
Should await me, returning again.

Oh Jessie, My Darling, My Dear,
I would that I were a bee,
I'd seek only thy lip,
And there I would sip,
(What an object of envy I'd be!)

Oh Jessie, you dear little duck,
Can such another one be?
Why an angel would blush,
Look pleased, and say *hush*,
If I kindly compared her to thee.

GUESS WHO.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE MILITARY SITUATION.

GENERAL GRANT's army still confronts the rebel lines at Petersburg. There is no new development in the investiture of Richmond; a portion of Grant's force, a very small portion, was recalled to Washington at the time of the raid, but they will return, their places being supplied by the militia regiments lately recruited. Our cavalry force will also be relieved by the retreat of the rebels, and will soon renew their efforts to interrupt Lee's communications. The long-continued drought is very oppressive.

It is reported that General Sherman has crossed the Chattahoochee; but he has not, it seems, very closely pursued the rebels beyond the river. How far his plans may be affected by interruptions in his rear has become a serious question. His communications must be protected; it is a long line to protect even if he had a hundred thousand men to spare for that specific purpose. He has found it necessary to issue an order prohibiting wastefulness in the distribution of rations. The Chattahoochee River rises in the Appalachian range in Habersham County, Georgia; flowing southwest, it reaches the border of Alabama at Miller's Bend, from which it flows nearly south, forming for 200 miles the boundary between Georgia and Alabama to its junction with Flint River, with which it unites, forming the Apalachicola. It is navigable for steamboats 225 miles above this junction. The latest advices report Sherman's army five miles south of the river. Johnston, not choosing to defend the line of the Chattahoochee, has withdrawn behind the fortifications at Atlanta.

The rebels appear to be inaugurating a series of offensive operations on a small scale, the object of which is to interrupt the main campaigns in the East and West. This line of operations begun with Early's raid into Maryland. We now hear of an invasion of Kentucky by a large body of rebels moving into that State through Pound Gap.

THE LATE REBEL RAID.

The events of the late rebel raid may be summed up as follows: After the engagement at Lynchburg, June 18, Hunter, pressed by far superior numbers, found no ways of escape so convenient as through the Blue Ridge to Gauley. This left the way open for Early to move up the valley. He did so, accompanied by a cavalry force under Ransom, and reached the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, July 3, at a point just above Harper's Ferry, threatening Martinsburg. Sigel, holding the latter place, fell back toward Sharpsburg. The rebels immediately occupied Martinsburg, where they captured valuable stores belonging to the Commissary and Ordnance departments, and forced into the ranks every man between sixteen and sixty. The same day a fight occurred at Leetown, south of the railroad, in which General Mulligan, covering Sigel's retreat, was finally forced back to Sharpsburg, where he joined Sigel, and another engagement occurred. The Federal forces being overpowered, fell back to Maryland Heights. Max Weber, evacuating Harper's Ferry, joined Sigel. In the mean time General E. B. Tyler, protecting the railroad from Baltimore to the Monocacy, prepared for resisting the rebels and to reinforce Sigel. Lew Wallace joined him on the afternoon of the 3d.

After crossing the Potomac the rebels in detached forces engaged in plunder; but on Saturday, July 9, they disappeared from Greencastle, Hagerstown, and from other points threatened; but this was only for the purpose of concentration. Our forces had evacuated Frederick the previous night, and fallen back to Monocacy Junction. Here a fight took place between Lew Wallace and the combined rebel forces; the result was unfavorable; we were again overpowered and driven back on Monrovia, on the road to Baltimore. General Tyler was taken prisoner. The rebels then appear to have separated again, turning up here and there at unexpected points, and doing considerable injury to private property. On the 11th they cut the telegraph between Philadelphia and Baltimore. At Magnolia, eighteen miles south of Havre de Grace and less than that distance from Baltimore, a rebel force of about 200 succeeded in capturing the 8.30 A.M. passenger train from Baltimore. The 10 o'clock train was also captured. In one of these trains Major-General Franklin was taken prisoner. Gunpowder River Bridge was burned. The residences of Governor Bradford, Francis Blair, and General Cadwallader were destroyed.

On the 12th the rebels appeared at Bladensburg and Beltsville on the railroad seven and twelve miles north of Washington, interrupting all communication with Baltimore. The rebels appeared before Fort Stevens, on the Seventh Street road, but were repulsed. Hunter, in the mean time, with his column, crossed the mountains of West Virginia to the Ohio River and reached Martinsburg, where he established communication with Sigel, who had regained possession of Harper's Ferry. General Grant gave early information to the authorities at Washington of the movements and designs of the rebels, and that every possible preparation was made to meet them. A part of the Sixth Corps was sent on from before Petersburg, and a part of the Nineteenth from Fortress Monroe. On Wednesday, July 13, the rebels began to disappear across the Potomac fords, carrying their plunder with them. Generals Tyler and Franklin both escaped.

OFF CHARLESTON.

An expedition under the command of General Foster, having for its object the seizure of James Island and other approaches to the city, was partially successful, the lower end of the island having been captured. Subsequently an expedition under Colonel Gurney of the One Hundred and Twenty-seventh New York, fitted out for the purpose of capturing Fort Johnson by a night attack, signally failed; a portion of the force, about 132, were landed, but not being supported in time, were captured by the rebels.

THE PRESIDENT'S NEW CALL.

President Lincoln, on Monday, July 18, issued his long-expected proclamation calling out 500,000 men, in accordance with the provisions of the Enrollment Act as lately amended by Congress, which are, in brief, the following: The President may call for men at his discretion for one, two, or three years; the volunteers to receive one, two, or three hundred dollars for those times respectively; if the quota is not filled by volunteering within fifty days a draft may be ordered conscripting men for one year; the loyal may recruit from the rebel States; all men hitherto enlisted in the naval service, and not hitherto credited, are to be credited to the quota of the district in which they reside. The fifty days given for volunteering under the present call expire September 5.

FOREIGN NEWS.

EUROPE.

THE vote of censure on the British Ministry which Disraeli and his associates have been trying to get through Parliament has been passed in the House of Lords by a majority of nine, and defeated in the House of Commons by a majority of eighteen. Among the supporters of the Ministry in the House of Commons Gladstone, Cobden, and Kinglake stand prominent.

The details of the capture of Alsen are the following: The Germans were prepared, the moment hostilities were reopened, to strike a vigorous blow. On the night of the 28th of June, between one and two o'clock, they threw three bridges across the Strait opposite Kjver (1000 yards wide), and soon had on the Alsen side a force of 26,000 men, with cavalry and artillery. The Danes had only about 8000 men on the island. This force was compelled to fall back; it was drawn up in a line about a mile long, to keep in check the overwhelming masses of the enemy; a sharp engagement occurred, with a somewhat heavy loss on both sides. The Danish army endeavored to escape to the Isthmus, with what success is uncertain.

MEXICO AND PERU.

The Emperor Maximilian has sent invitations to the late President Juarez, and other leading liberal chiefs, to come to the city of Mexico, and there consult together on a plan of restoration, guaranteeing them full protection. This invitation was indignantly rejected.

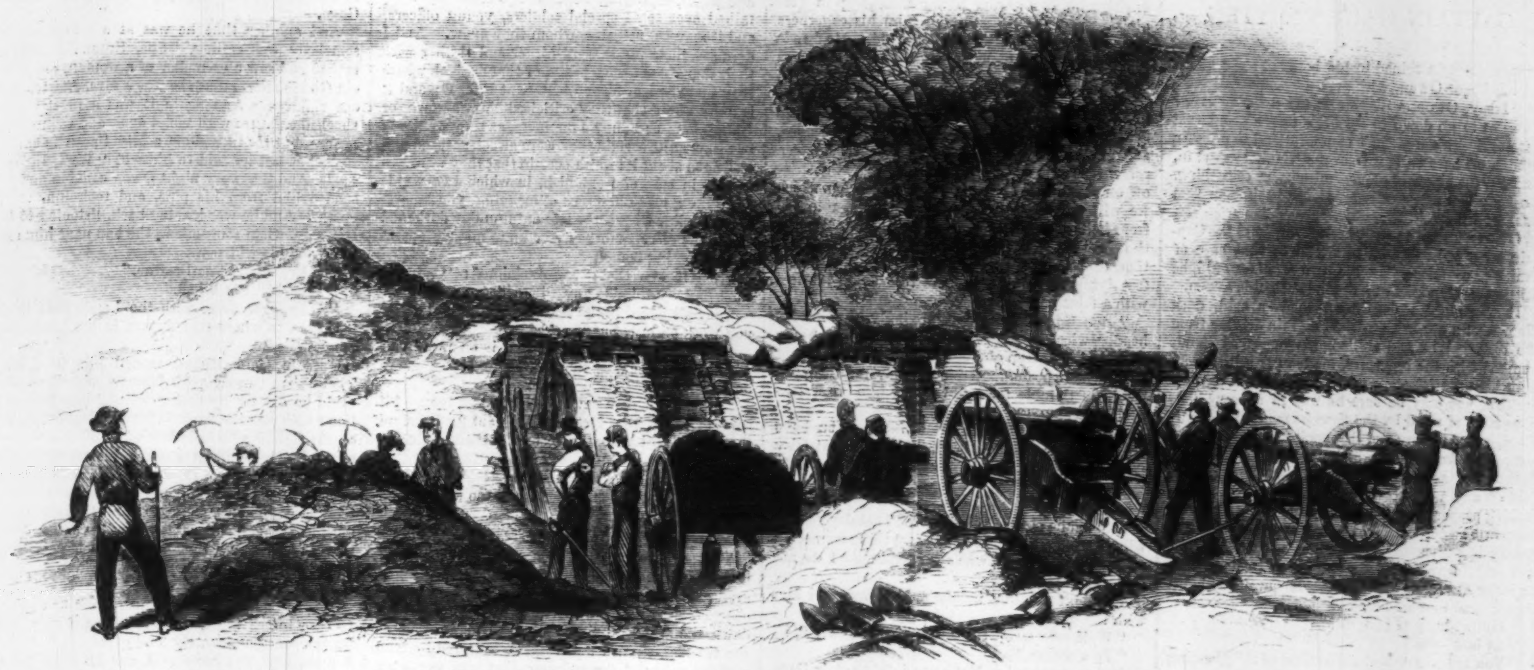
The Peruvian authorities are making great military and naval preparations, as if expecting a war with Spain on the Chincha Islands difficulty.

THE REBELS ROBBING THE FLOUR MILLS IN MARYLAND.

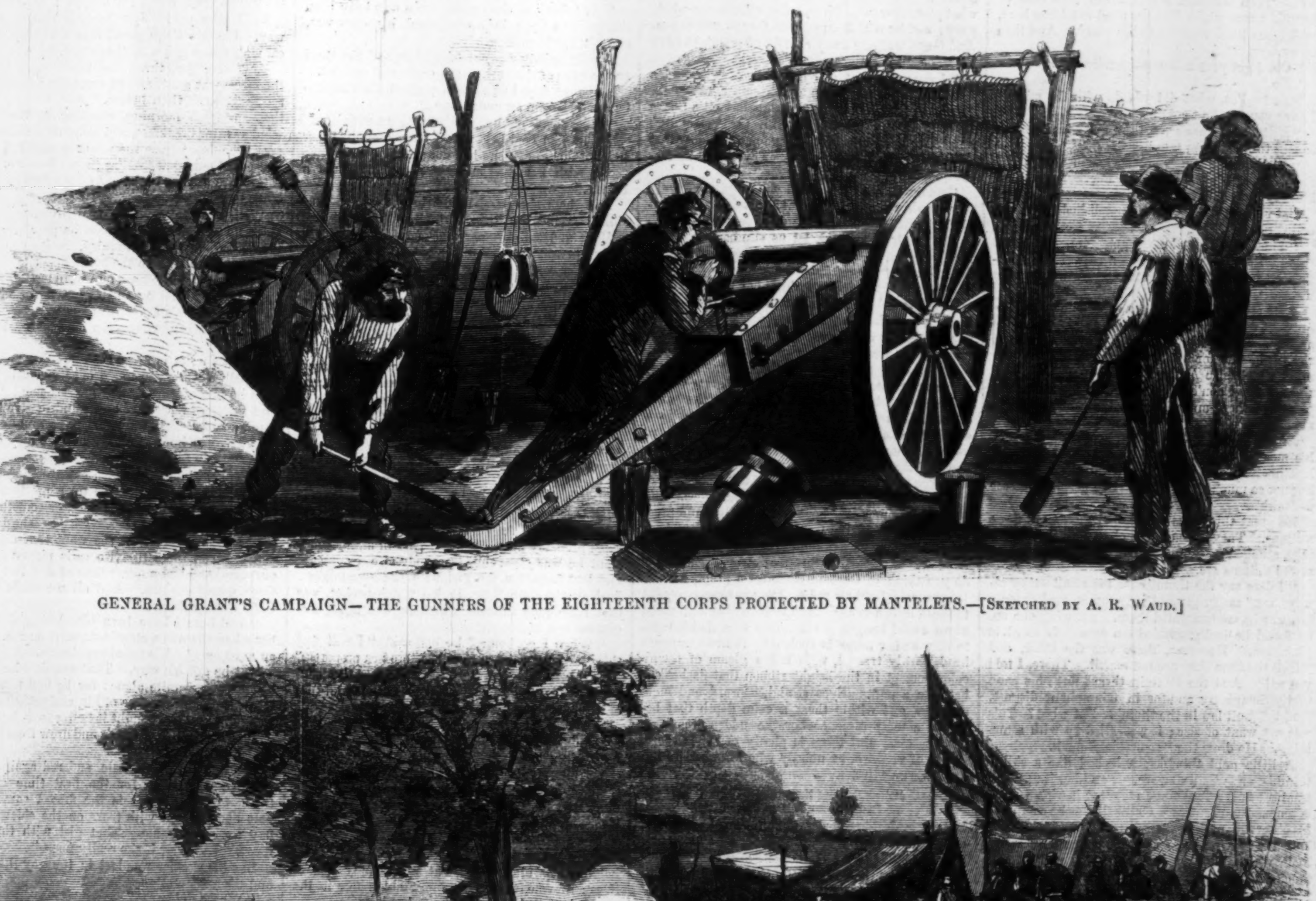
THE REBELS PILLAGING AT THE HAGERSTOWN DEPOT.

THE REBELS RETREATING WITH THEIR PLUNDER ACROSS THE POTOMAC RIVER.

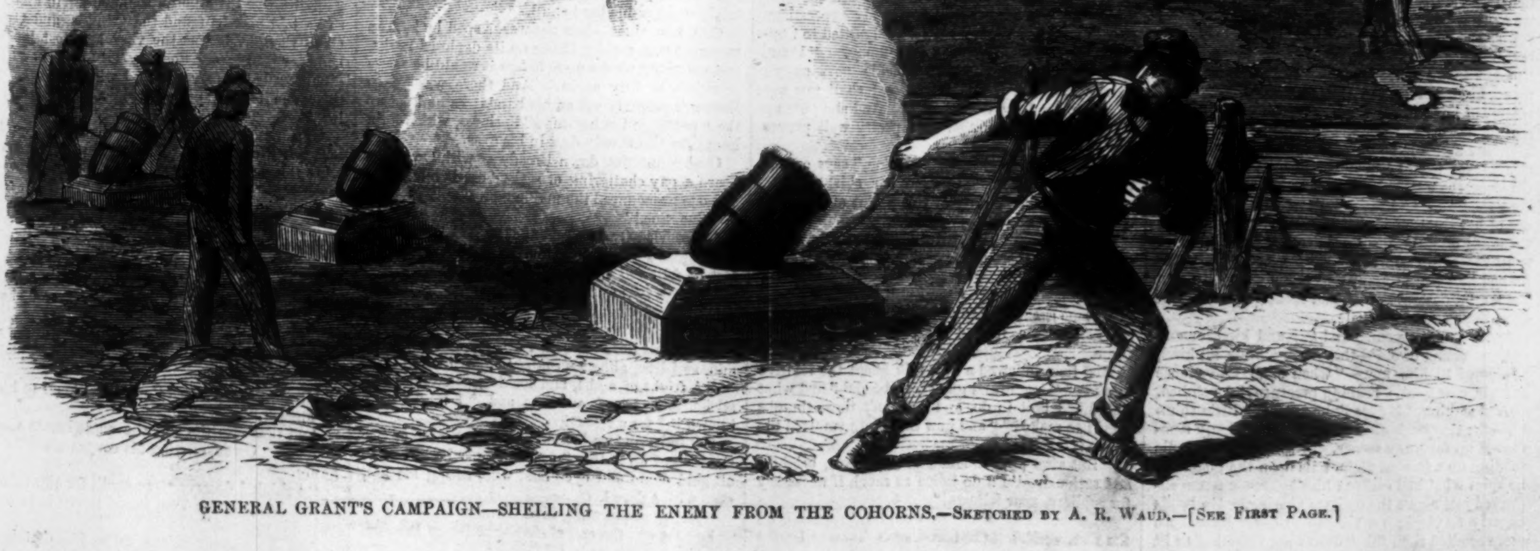
THE REBELS DESTROYING THE CHESAPEAKE AND OHIO CANAL.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]



GENERAL GRANT'S CAMPAIGN—CAPTAIN ASHBY'S NEW YORK BATTERY IN THE TRENCHES BEFORE PETERSBURG.—[Sketched by A. R. Waud.]



GENERAL GRANT'S CAMPAIGN—THE GUNNERS OF THE EIGHTEENTH CORPS PROTECTED BY MANTELETS.—[Sketched by A. R. Waud.]



GENERAL GRANT'S CAMPAIGN—SHELLING THE ENEMY FROM THE COHORNS.—Sketched by A. R. Waud.—[See First Page.]

CAPTAIN GAGE'S MITTEN.

I.

THE Captain reined in his horse at sight of his friend, Major Owen, with a

"I say, Owen, will you do me a little favor? I've got to go down to Silsbee's to see about that case of Smith's, and can't stop to attend to my own affairs. There's a box from the 'Sanitary' just in, and I want a pair of gloves, mittens, or something. Lost my last pair yesterday riding back from that confounded creek."

Owen assented to the "little favor," and the Captain went galloping off to attend to that case of Smith's, confident that his own wants would be faithfully attended to by the indefatigable Owen.

It was night when he returned—a cold, dark November night, with a drizzling rain driving from the east. Wet and chilled, his ungloved hands numbed with the exposure, his temper a little sore from his unsatisfactory mission about that case of Smith's, you may be sure he was in no very hilarious state of mind by the time he reached his tent. Tired, wet, hungry, and disappointed, he sat down before the feeble fire, which that lazy scamp, Pat Larkin, had assured him would soon "burn up illigant;" and while the same "ne'er-do-weel" was making preparations for his supper, he let his mood have full sway, not in outward expression, but in sundry down-hearted speculations on the past, present, and future of his life. And at this juncture in looks Owen, the indefatigable Owen, with his broad, good-humored face.

"Hullo! back at last, eh?"

"At last—yes."

"You must have had a nice time of it," glancing at the heavy top-boots splashed with mud.

"Well, I haven't been through Paradise, it's true," answered the Captain, shrugging his shoulders. Then followed a talk about that case of Smith's, a case which does not need unfolding here, as it bears little relation to the story. And then Owen says,

"Oh, I got your mittens—seen 'em?"

"No."

"No? Pat, what did you do with the mittens I gave you for the Captain?"

"Mittens? Sure I put thim away in the chist beyant to kape them safe."

"Well, won't you have the goodness to bring them forth from the 'chist beyant,' Sergeant Larkin," suggested Owen, laughing.

But before this could be accomplished Owen was called off.

"They're the best I could get, Tom. No great things, I guess, but there was a skirmish for mittens above every thing," was Owen's words as he went out.

"By George, there goes a good fellow!" soliloquized Tom Gage at his friend's exit. "He'll do any thing for a fellow, from a pair of mittens to risking his life for him. Lucky boy too! Never mind which side *his* bread falls, it will come up right. No, I don't care for the mittens now, Pat; put them there any where on the table, and give me my coffee."

And after the coffee and accompanying solids, his mood a little brighter, he dismissed Pat, and lighting his pipe, turned lazily to the mittens, thinking not so much about them as that perplexing case of Smith's.

No great things, as Owen had said, were these mittens. They were of dark cloth with flannel linings, stitched gayly in red, but clumsy, as all those sewed mittens are.

"I dare say the thumbs are too small—they always are," rather grumblingly commented Captain Gage as he contemplated them. Drawing one on, he found he had grumbled too soon. It fitted to perfection. However, there was the other, and "Half the time they are not mated. There, I told you so!" And the Captain thrust forth his hand to his imaginary auditor in triumphant disgust. And the fault lay in the thumb. But what? This was not want of size; it was filled up with something. He drew the "something" forth.

A little gold thimble; it looked like a child's thimble, and was well worn. Perching it upon his smallest finger Tom Gage regarded it with a smile of amazed amusement. Gradually, as he continued his observation, the expression of the smile changed. Into it stole a wistful softness, a yearning homelook, which told the story of his thoughts. He fancied the far-away scene, the wide, bright room filled with women, young and fair and kind, working away with pretty enthusiasm, though the day was hot or cold, over their "Sanitary" garments. He fancied this one who had fashioned his mittens hunting vainly for her thimble at the last, and wondering where she could have lost it. Women young and fair and kind. And this little lady, who had lost her pretty thimble in her work, perhaps, had put in all these gay red stitches with a great many kind and gentle thoughts for the possible wearer of her work. He pleased himself fancying still further what these thoughts might have been. How she might have imagined the manner of man this wearer would be—how she might have wondered, as she stitched away, on what dreary march they might go, and perhaps dropped a sigh of pity out of her little tender heart. Were not these the thoughts of girls about soldiers? He fancied so from the many and many simple, eager questions he had heard from many and many a rosy lip, and the tearful dark eyes that had looked up to him at some little recital of battle.

"Ah, women, young and fair and kind, or any women, young or old"—they were all fair, all kind, it seemed to him now—"when shall I live once more in your gentle, refining presence?" he sighed.

And sighing, his eyes light upon the little thimble—the tiny enchanter that has so suddenly summoned up far-away scenes. A glint of the candle sending up a fresher flame falls upon the gold, and he spies what had escaped him before—a name engraved just above the delicate chasing. He bends eagerly forward; no school-boy could have been more excited than this "fire-eating Captain," as he was called. But consider the rare chance of such excitements to a soldier living ankle-deep in Virginia's "sacred soil," and allow him his eagerness even over a lady's little gold thimble. He bends eagerly forward; perhaps there was half a hope that he might see some familiar name. No; though certainly not an uncommon name, it was not familiar, this brief name of Sue Browne, so deftly engraved there amidst the twining leaves, and tendrils, and bunches of grapes. And not a romantic name certainly, but it set Captain Gage off on another "fancying," a journey upon which we will not follow him. But when he returned from it he found his pipe was long since cold, and the fire that had justified Sergeant Larkin's assertion, that it would "burn up illigant," was now fast dying out. Captain Tom rose up to his feet with a faint laugh.

"Tom Gage," he said, reprovingly, shaking his head, "what an ass you are! Go to bed, Tom; go to bed and sleep off your folly."

But before he followed this sage advice he dropped the little thimble for safe-keeping into his watch-pocket, saying, gravely,

"Good-night, Miss Susan Browne. You have tapped on Tom Gage's hard skull with that fairy thimble of yours till I think you have cracked it."

II.

AND did he sleep off his folly? That depends on what his folly was. If it was any thing connected with Miss Susan Browne's gold thimble I do not think he did.

The next day that indefatigable Owen met him with the question,

"Well, how about the mittens? Did they fit?"

"To a charm."

And that was all. Not a word did Captain Gage say of what he found inside the mittens. But by-and-by, quite accidentally, you know, he asked about that "Sanitary" box—if Owen knew from what place it came. Oh yes, Owen knew the whole story; and he told it, greatly to Gage's edification. And Gage, walking away shortly after, might have been heard to mutter under his breath,

"I dare say that girl has got red hair, and a squint to her eyes, and an awful temper."

What girl could he have meant but Miss Susan Browne, in this connection with the "Sanitary" box? And why should he suppose so savagely that she had red hair, a squint to her eyes, and an awful temper?

Captain Gage, I am afraid you prophesied truly of yourself when you said that a certain small thimble had cracked that hard skull of yours.

But leaving him here, let us slip back to where that "Sanitary" box came from, and see if Miss Susan has got the red hair, the squint to her eyes, and the awful temper he endows her with.

There is a large, wide, bright room, as he had fancied, and all about there are women young and fair; and older women, matrons and mothers, whose kind hearts are touched more nearly and deeply, perhaps, than are those of these younger ones. There are piles and piles of work, all sorts of odd and clumsy things on the tables and in the hands of the fair workers. Clip, clip go the scissors; stitch, stitch click the needles; and there is a deep, sweet, murmurous hum of voices, broken up every now and then by a laugh that tinkles through the busy-bee hum like a little chain of bells. Here are Marians, and Mauds, and Kates, and Carolines. You hear their names called out occasionally; and presently some one calls, "Sue! Sue!" and you look over that pile of flannel, and there, next to the window, she sits—Miss Susan Browne. And what do you think of Captain Gage for a prophet now? Do you call that hair red? Do you see any squint to those brown eyes? And is there any indication of an awful temper in the serene face that lifts up to view as her name is spoken? A little compact head, darkly tressed, with not a gleam of tawny color, except in the bright ribbon that flashes out between a puff. Eyes straightforward and lucid as lakes, and within them a calm depth that betokens a temperament where no sudden fires burst into storms. But there is plenty of spirit there, plenty of vivacity, as nobody who knows Miss Susan Browne will deny—

"And she sits there and blooms
In that cane-bottomed chair."

Not a very dashing flower, not one to make Maude's, or Kate's, or Caroline's eyes ache with envy, but a little dark, delicate girl, like one of those dark and delicate pinks that make little show in garden clusters beside the gay queen-roses, but whose sweetness pervades every corner. And as "she sits there and blooms," she sits there and sews, on a mitten of dark cloth, lined with scarlet flannel. Click, click, goes the needle as the red silk stitches form into lines; but I am afraid her lively expressions over her work would not have exactly fitted to Captain Gage's somewhat pathetic fancy. "Dear, dear," she cries out, as her needle goes awry; "these horrid mittens! I believe I shall sew my fingers to the bone with them!" And she puts up a little stained forefinger that pretty well proves her belief.

"I'll change work with you, Sue," says one of the queen-roses, turning from her shirt-making, with gracious amiability at this plaint of the little carnation-pink's.

"Oh no, thank you, I'll finish what I have begun. I hope though the wearer won't look at the stitches."

"I wonder who the wearer will be, Sue."

"Some great clumsy fellow, I dare say."

There was a Roland for your Oliver, Captain Gage.

And then followed a wise talk about the relative merits of "seam, and gusset, and band," and what they liked best to do, and "weren't those thumbs horrid to make?" and how that cloth smutted the hands!"

"But after all," concluded Miss Susan, brightly and seriously, "I'd do twice as much if necessary for soldiers, poor fellows!"

"So would I," and "so would I," chorused all the rest, verifying Captain Gage's fancy at last.

And then, perhaps, these queen-bees, and roses, and pinks, clustering their lovely heads together, talked over some special soldiers, young officers, and it may be, privates, whom they knew. And I dare say their words went hither and thither with their thoughts; at this party, or that festival, where they met Captain A, or Lieutenant B, or C; and it is quite likely that they criticised Mary's gown, or Anne's hair, or Fanny's manners, as they went on; but I am quite certain they were sweet-natured and well-bred about it; quite certain that they were womanly, instead of womanish, in which two words there lies a vast difference of meaning, you know.

And talking here, the late autumn day darkened toward its close, and they rose up to make preparations for going home.

Then it was that Susy exclaimed: "Why, I can't find my thimble any where!"

They all joined in the search. And, "What did you work on last, Sue?" asked one.

"On those mittens, and I had it on my finger when I was packing them away in Miss Deane's box."

"Oh well, I dare say it fell into the box. I'll run in and ask Miss Deane to look out for it before the box is sent with the rest; the Deanes live in our block, you know."

And that settled the thimble question for them then; but, as we all know, Miss Deane did not find the thimble.

III.

THERE was great rejoicing that day in some hearts, and these were not a few, for the —th had arrived. The drums beat, the colors waved, and cheers went ringing up as they "came marching down the street." Tears dimmed many eyes as the old flag, stained and riddled, fluttered by, and a shout ascended for welcome that was worth all the rest.

"Think of the battles that flag has been through!" a man said to another on the sidewalk.

"And think of the battles those *men* have been through!" a little lady exclaimed, her eyes wet, and her lips trembling.

The little lady was our friend Sue, and she stood on the edge of the curb-stone, eager and excited.

The man who had spoken nudged his companion, and said, in an under-tone,

"Guess she's got a sweet-heart along with 'em."

If Sue had heard, it would have been like her to have thought, if she had not said,

"I wish I had—I'm sure I couldn't have a braver."

And there she stood in the bright winter sunshine, waving her little white handkerchief, and smiling and smiling her welcome. Though she had no personal acquaintance amidst them, all soldiers were her friends, she said. But she knew the names of the officers by this time.

"That was Major Owen, that great fellow with the red face; and that was Captain Gage, who looked so grave, and was so tall."

Wave, little handkerchief, in the winter wind, and smile, sweet lips, for your innocent salute! Though these grave faces may not smile in return, their hearts are warmed by your welcome.

And Captain Gage, passing by, noted with rapid glance one and another; and Sue, with her handkerchief, could not of course escape his notice, for she was almost under his horse's feet—the dear, little dark face, with its tears and its smiles, and the fluttering white signal! And Captain Gage, as he caught sight of it, thought just as the man upon the sidewalk had thought, that the girl had a sweet-heart probably among them. And in another moment he was observing somebody else, I suppose, and had forgotten the girl with the sweet-heart. And all the time there, in his watch-pocket, was that little gold thimble which he had never forgotten.

"When I go home," he had said, "I will find this Miss Susan Browne, and restore her property."

And here this Miss Susan Browne was right under his eyes, and no wonderful prescience told him of it.

To find a Miss Susan Browne in a great city was something like the old proposal of "looking for a needle in a hay-mow." To be sure he knew that the Sanitary box came from such a department of the city, but there were so many branches. In the first place, he began by asking every body he knew if *they* knew a Miss Susan Browne, and the answer was invariably "No." Then he investigated "Sanitaries;" but as Susy was not on a committee, nor holding any other office, but was simply a Miss Susan Browne, the most unnoticeable name in the world, he failed to get a clew to her here.

And then—but if I should tell you how the fire-eating Captain "went on" about this gold thimble, I am afraid you would believe that it had most certainly cracked his hard skull.

One, two, three—how the weeks sped by! The regiment was rapidly filling up its depleted ranks, and not many weeks more before it would be ready to return to duty again. And there was Susan Browne's property yet on his hands; so he kept up the "needle in the hay-mow" business, which for a long time threw only dust in his eyes.

Once sauntering down Broadway with Owen, he heard a gay chattering of girl-voices behind him, and one pronounced the magic name.

"Sue, Sue!"

He whirled Owen round as if he had been a top.

"What, what!" exclaimed the bewildered Owen. But he followed the direction of Gage's eyes, and did not ask for any further explanation just then.

"I'll meet you at the Sanitary rooms, Sue." And the two girls parted with this sentence. And there she was, this Susan Browne, *and she had red hair*, and, as I live, almost *a squint to her eyes!*

"A fright of a girl, and looking as cross as two sticks," was Gage's verdict; and, "I might have known it," for a reflection.

But following on behind her, in a minute or two there steps up to this Susan a dapper little fellow, all gold chain and eye-glass, who, lifting his hat, says with a drawl,

"Ah, good-morning, Miss Gilmore."

So that was the end of that—not Susan Browne, but Susan Gilmore. "What an ass I am!" pronounced perhaps for the fortieth time Captain Gage.

And another time he was at a reception, and somebody was calling, "Sue, Susan!" And he turned and saw a grenadier of a woman, and found out (to his relief) that she was a Mrs. Lawton with six children. And again it was a pretty, pink-cheeked creature with violet eyes, and then he was *so* sure, but *she* turned out a Miss Susan Long.

And at last he said to himself, "Well, I give it up." And that very night Owen came in and persuaded him from his pipe, and took him to the opera. And he was leaning back, listening to *Don Giovanni*, when some one in the box next him said, in an audible whisper,

"Why, there's Sue Browne."

"Where?" was asked.

"Why, over there with the Landhams; in the box next to where that woman in the horrid pink bonnet sits."

Captain Gage looked around him in dismay. There were twenty pink bonnets and more—how could he discern by that wonderful female perception which was the "horrid" one? But—ah! there on the right is a little dark head nodding, and bright eyes full of recognition turned to his neighbor's box. He heard no more of *Don Giovanni*, he saw no more the stage and the performers. He leaned back, and took in a different picture. A little lady with a dark head and lucid eyes; but we have seen her before, and we know, though not—she is not—counted a beauty, what a very, very fascinating picture Susy Browne makes.

After this he haunted the opera, and he was pretty sure to see the little lady with the dark head, for Sue was passionately fond of music; but it was a great city, as I have said, and he found nobody to introduce him to Miss Susan Browne.

But there was that property to restore; why not go up boldly and say, "Miss Browne, I have a thimble of yours which you dropped," etc., etc., etc.

Well, why not? Just because that wasn't his way. Captain Gage could face a battery, but he couldn't face a girl with that story.

And, one, two, three, the weeks went by, and the opera was gone, and he seemed no nearer Miss Susan Browne than before. And so he thought that springish morning, standing at the parlor-window after breakfast, and as he thought—presto, opens the door across the street in that tall brown house and out comes—Miss Susan Browne. Isn't it just like a story-book? And it's just as true as truth too.

Well, out comes Miss Susan Browne, and Tom Gage no sooner sees her than he goes straight to his sister Bell with the inquiry,

"Bell, who lives in the house opposite?"

"A family of Brownes moved in last May."

"There's a Miss Susan Browne, isn't there?"

"Well, I don't know, I'm sure—there's a little dark girl, rather pretty—the eldest Miss Browne, I believe."

"Exactly; it is Miss Browne—Susan Browne; and Bell, I want you to go over and call." And then he proceeded with the gravest face: "I have something for her that I am bound to give into her hands; and Bell, I want you to go and—and prepare her, you know, and ask her if *I* may call. I can't explain fully now."

"Oh yes!" Bell jumped at a conclusion, as he knew she would, and made up a pretty story of separation, and loss, and a ring, or something left behind in Tom's keeping. Oh yes, she'd go and prepare the way. And she went that afternoon; and between them the two girls played at cross-purposes, and had a queer time of it. But Captain Gage would explain. And all the while Captain Gage was thinking:

"And here I have been blundering about after her when she was a stone's-throw from me. What an ass I am!" His usual conclusion.

But he got his way. That evening he stood in her presence—quite alone; for he had told his sister, with that grave face of his, and rather a melancholy air, that he thought it better to go by himself.

He stood in her presence and drew from his pocket that little gold thimble.

She turned red and pale, and red again, all in a minute; and then, for the first time since, he thought: "Why this is the face I saw red and pale and covered with tears on the sidewalk that day we came home. That girl with the sweet-heart. I wonder if she really has—"

But his wonder was lost in the gay little laugh and the exclamation,

"Where *did* you—"

"Get your thimble? I'll tell you."

And then they sat down and fell to talking as easily as if they had known each other for years. And the gay little laugh sounded again and again as he told how he found the thimble, and Captain Gage thought it was the very sweetest laugh he had ever heard; and Sue— But I have no right to divulge a lady's secret, only I will say that I don't think she found Captain Gage "a great clumsy fellow."

Of course you can foresee the end; you have foreseen it all along; that Captain Gage woos and wins the owner of the thimble; for we know that when she stood, red, and white, and tearful, on the sidewalk that morning that she had an unknown, unrecognized sweet-heart, who was blind enough to think her some one's else.

One day one of the queen-roses came to see her.

"And you found Sue's thimble in a mitten?" she said, laughing, to Captain Gage, whom she met there.

"Yes; and I found something else much more valuable than the thimble," replied the Captain.

"Eh, what?"

He turned and lifted Sue's little hand to his lips for answer.

And that was the way the engagement was announced. Owen, offering his congratulations, said, gayly,

"I think I deserve some credit for this: for if it hadn't been for me Tom would never have got his valuable mittens."

And Tom owns it, and owns, too, that he had

been half envious of Owen, whose bread always came up on the right side; but now he thought he had the best of it.

But Owen, looking across the room to that fair and stately sister Bell, and meeting the glance of her beautiful eyes, is inclined to doubt this last assertion.

WHEN I WENT AWAY IN THE RANKS.

WHEN I went away in the ranks last year
  I carried a heavy heart in my breast,
A heart which was burdened with bitter pain,
  And which throbbed with a weight of wild unrest:
For I longed to stand on the battle-field;
  "The sword," I said, "is the weapon for men;"
And I prayed to God that he might not shield
  The life which to me was so hateful then.

I loved Alice Leigh with a deep, fond love.
  One night as we walked in the still moonlight
Together adown the hawthorn lane,
  Where the hawthorn blossoms grow thick and white,
I told her how dear she was to my heart,
  How much dearer even than life.
"Promise me, Alice, before we part,
  That when I come back you will be my wife."

I looked in her eyes as I spoke these words,
  Something like diamonds glistened there;
The moon gazed down on us from above,
  And the still light shone on her pale gold hair.
Then came that burden of bitter pain
  Which I bore away to the wars with me,
There on that night in the hawthorn lane,
  When Alice answered, "It must not be."

The sun shone bright on the morn we left,
  And the air with the scent of buds was sweet,
Through glint of sunshine and breadth of shade
  We marched down the dear old village street,
Which rang with the loud resounding cheers
  That greeted us every step of the way:
And I bitterly smiled as I thought of the tears
  Each wife and sweet-heart would shed that day.

We passed the house in which Alice lived;
  In my stubborn pride I looked straight ahead,
But I thought of the porch with the trumpet-vine,
  And the warm June roses which budded red,
And I felt somehow that Alice was there,
  For heavier grew the heart in my breast,
And I knew that she wore in her pale gold hair
  The purple ribbon which I loved best.

Then followed those scenes in a soldier's life:
  White camps stretching afar in the sun:
Long weary marches through dust and heat,
  And the bivouac when the march was done,
With the lurid watch-fires burning around,
  Casting red gleams of flickering light
On tired groups sleeping upon the ground;
  And at length the din of the furious fight.

The maple had changed from green to gold,
  For the breath of the Autumn had touched its leaves,
And the yellow locks of the ripened corn
  Were gathered together in harvest sheaves,
When I came home to my father's farm,
  Home from the cruel wars again,
No better man for the loss of an arm,
  And in my heart was the old, old pain.

But before the leaves had begun to fall,
  Or yet the robin had southward flown,
I thought how sweet is life to me now,
  For I held a small white hand in my own,
And Alice asked me if I knew why
  She gave not the promise I asked her to give:
That it would have been harder for me to die,
  And then, oh, how hard for her to live!

HEFFIE'S TROUBLE.

I REMEMBER how late we all sat round the fire that night, Aunt Rachel, Cousin Lucy, and I. It was such a cold wild night, and such a tumult was going on out of doors, as made the pleasant cheerful warmth within seem doubly pleasant and cheerful.

My aunt had been left a widow some years since, with two children, a son and a daughter, my cousin Lucy, and Arthur. I had lived my childish years away, knowing no other home than my aunt's pretty cottage at Ashwood, no mother's face but hers. My own mother had died, leaving my poor father desolate in a strange land. And now, after twelve years of absence, he had come back to live at Riverbank.

To that sweet spot, one golden June day, he had brought my gentle mother, a pretty bride of seventeen; and there, about a year after, I, their only child, was born. Being so young when I left it, I had of course little or no recollection of the place, nor do I remember having any desire to see it again. You call this strange and unnatural; perhaps it was, but then our home at Ashwood was very retired indeed, a sunny nook in a quiet corner of this busy moving world. Beyond the rector and his wife we had very few neighbors. Lucy and I had only each other to play with while Arthur was away at school; and when he returned for the holidays we were happy indeed.

So quietly and peacefully the narrow, waveless stream of our life flowed on, and we were happy and content; not knowing any other, we cared not to have it widened. I do not think this circumscribed life of ours did any real harm to Lucy; with me it was otherwise. I suffered where she escaped untouched; for we were very different, very unlike each other.

Hers was a frank, sympathetic, trusting nature, that easily attached itself. You could not help loving her if you tried. She would creep into your heart like a little bird, and there make a green little nest for herself, even before you were aware. My disposition, on the contrary, was shy, reserved, and cold; or, rather, my affections were not easily stirred into warmth. I was slow to open my heart, and I opened it only to a few; but for them I had a kind of passionate worship that would have considered no sacrifice too great, no self-renunciation too impossible. But ah! at Ashwood my love had never been put to a severer test than the little daily efforts to please my gentle aunt and cousins. Beyond them I wanted no one else; I never cared to make friends. Even my father's name—that name which above all others should have had a sacred shrine in my heart (I say it now in all the anguish of a sorrowful shame burning at my breast)—had little power to kindle any emotion there. And so, when one day the news had come to us that he was going to marry again (a widow lady, with an only daughter a little older than myself), it did not please or trouble me. I received it calmly and quietly, as something I had little concern in. But when, a little later, a letter came telling of their arrival, and that now he had returned home he wished to have his child again, I felt as if a heavy blow had fallen upon my heart, and only yielded as to a cruel necessity. Dreadful to me was the thought of leaving my aunt and cousins, of changing my calm, unruffled life at Ashwood for a new existence among strangers, for they were all more or less strangers to me.

And so, as I said before, we three sat round the fire very late that night. We heard the clock in the hall strike the hour of midnight, and still we never moved. I think each of us in her secret heart dreaded to be the first to break up that last home conference. Lucy, with an expression of touching sadness in her sweet face, sat looking into the fire far more gently and submissively than I into my future life; while dear, kind Aunt Rachel would now and then try to cheer us by some pleasant, hope-assuring word, though I could see that her own eyes were growing dim while she spoke. And so at last we said good-night, once more and for the last time; and once more Cousin Lucy and I lay down to sleep, side by side, in the two little French beds with rose-bud curtains, in that same dear room we had called the nursery long ago. Before the sun went down again we were many long miles apart. The old life was gone; and Aunt Rachel's fond, earnest blessing, and Lucy's tearful embrace, were all that remained to me of the happy home days that would never come back.

Well, I arrived at the old house at Riverbank, that house which had been my mother's home for nearly all her married life; yet my heart refused to recognize it as my own. My father met me in the hall and said, "Heffie, you are quite a woman; I am glad, very glad, to have my child again." And my step-mother greeted me kindly, affectionately; and Agnes took my hand and said (with her eyes looking kindly into mine), "Shall we be sisters?"

And so they took me in among them; and day by day they strove, with tender words and loving deeds, to win my wayward, sullen heart, that still remained shut up within itself, closely as ever door was locked and barred.

Day by day they strove with me, constantly, patiently, but in vain; because I would not strive with myself. The old life was gone—the old life around and within me; and instead of trying to read calmly the new leaf that lay open before me, I only stained it with my tears, and kept ever in my memory, turning again and again the pages I had forever finished. I lived and moved in a kind of dream, seeing and hearing, yet taking no heed of what I saw or heard. I spent hours in my own room, reading over and over again the books Lucy had given to me the night before I left them. Most of them we had read together, she and I; and now I must read alone; and often, as the short winter afternoon was growing dark and cold, a sick, dreary feeling would creep over my heart, of miserable loneliness, that seemed consuming me in its very intensity. Ah! had I not brought all my trouble upon myself? No; I was not pretty, like Agnes. I knew that, and my father knew it also; and he was proud of her, I could see; but not proud of his poor, pale little Heffie. It was always Agnes who went out to ride with him, who was ready to walk wherever he liked, who read to him in the evening when he was tired. Why was it that I was seldom with him, that I never read or sang to him for hours as she did? Because I had a false feeling in my foolish heart that he could not love me, could not care for me. How should he, when I was so little to him and she so much? So days grew into weeks, weeks into months, and summer came once more, once more to gladden men and women and children's hearts, with long days of golden sunshine, and soft, cool, dewy nights. Yes, summer came once more, and with it came a change in my life, my self-inflicted, lonely life. One morning I received a letter from my Cousin Arthur, saying that if his uncle and Mrs. Leigh would kindly receive him for a little while he would so very much like to come and spend his summer holidays at Riverbank. He longed to see me again; it would be like a coming back of the old days.

"Yes, Heffie, certainly," said my father, when I gave him Arthur's message, "let him come by all means. We shall be delighted to see him. It will make a pleasant change, a very pleasant change for us all."

As I rose to leave the room I saw his wife's gentle eyes turned on me with a kind, half-pitying look I had often seen there of late, and heard her say (when she thought I was out of hearing), "Poor child, I am glad she will have this pleasure. I long to see a little color in that pale face; it is too young to look so sad."

And my father answered, "Yes, it is too young; life should not be difficult at seventeen. Oh, Margaret, I have a great fear haunting me sometimes." And here he lowered his voice to almost a whisper, so that I heard no more; and I hastened up stairs to write my letter. What was this great fear that haunted my father? I could not tell. I had often remarked lately (as I said before) my step-mother's eyes watching me with an anxious, half-pitying expression; and once or twice I had seen them fill with tears when she thought I was not noticing her. Did this great fear haunt her too?

Three days passed by, and Arthur came—pleasant, cheerful, kind Cousin Arthur. How my heart bounded at the sight of him, at the sound of his fine manly voice, that seemed to me like an echo from the old life—the old life that was gone! All was changed during the few weeks he staid at Riverbank. It was as if some kind fairy had come with her magic wand and touched the hours, and turned them into gold. I felt almost quite happy. Something of my old self seemed to have come back. It was a season of strange, wonderful gladness—a short, happy dreaming, that went too quickly by—and I awoke crying, to find it over, gone.

I knew he and Agnes liked each other from the beginning; nothing was more natural. Many of their tastes and pursuits were the same. And so it happened that day by day there grew up between them a sure yet silent sympathy, so sure and silent that for a long time neither was conscious how much the other was helping to make the sunny June of life more bright and sunny still. Week after week went by, till we counted six, and then Arthur's leave had expired, and he must go away. The last evening came (how far away it seems now as I look back!). I was sitting alone in my own room, not reading or writing, or hardly thinking, but listening listlessly to the dull patter of the rain against the window; for it had been pouring all day.

Presently I heard a knock at my door, and Arthur entered, saying he wanted to talk with me. He had hardly seen me since the morning.

"Dear Heffie," he said, "I want to tell you something, something that I want you to feel glad for. Can you guess?"

"No. How should I?"

"Well, then, Agnes has promised to-day to be my wife. Say you are glad, Heffie, won't you? You used to be glad years ago when I brought home a new prize from school; but now you do not speak."

"Arthur, I am very glad." I said it with my lips, but a voice in my heart answered, "No, Heffie, you are not glad; you know you are not."

"Why not?"

Because that moment had revealed to my heart a secret it had been keeping from itself, a secret it had not dared to discover; but now it had stolen out from the dark, silent corner where it had hidden itself away, and, standing out like a giant fierce and strong in the broad open daylight, it stared me in the face mockingly, cruelly; and I saw that it was an idol I had been bowing down to, a pillar I had been leaning on for strength; and the idol was crumbling, the pillar was falling, and I, who had leaned too long on that one support, was weak (oh, how weak!) now it was gone.

Arthur staid with me for a long while that evening, talking of many things—of Agnes most of all. He asked me to be kind to her when he was gone, to show her love and sympathy for his sake.

He knew not he was asking me to do a hard thing. The next day he was gone, and Agnes moved about the house quiet and subdued, as if a little shadow had come to dim her sky for a moment; while I, who had no right to grieve, yet grieved more hopelessly. Now, at the distance of nearly twenty years, I can look back calmly on that time, as on the recollection of a troubled dream, from which the awakening was tranquil as the clear shining after rain. But then there was no shining, no rest, no comfort. The next few months that passed before the winter came (that was when the wedding was to be) were very dreary ones to me. There was a little brief while indeed, in which Aunt Rachel and Lucy paid us a visit on their way home from Portland; but when that was over I felt even more lonely than ever. My heart was more than ever closed to Agnes. I felt toward her as if she had done me a cruel wrong; as if she had stolen from me something that might have been mine; that I would have valued, oh how pricelessly!

One afternoon, near the end of November, as I was sitting in the library with my father, he looked up from his newspaper suddenly, and said, "Heffie, my child, I wish I could see you happy, really happy. I can not bear to see that pale face of yours day after day without a smile upon it. Can you not borrow a little sunshine from Agnes?"

I did not answer for a few moments. Then a desperate resolve seemed suddenly to shape itself into words on my lips, and I said, "Let me go away, father; let me leave Riverbank. I can never be happy while I stay here. Let me go."

"Let you go away, Heffie! What can you mean? Where do you want to go?"

"Any where, father; any where! I will be a governess, or a companion. I will do any thing: only let me go away."

"Why, Heffie, you do not know what you are saying. Are you in your senses, child? What makes you so unhappy? Tell me."

"I can not, father; I can not tell any one. But, oh! I want to go away! I want to go away!" And in the passion of my entreaty I sobbed bitterly.

"Heffie," my father exclaimed half frightened, "what is the matter? Are you ill?"

Just then the door opened, and Mrs. Leigh entered the room. She tried to speak to me; but I rushed wildly past her into the hall and up stairs, never pausing till I reached my own room, and there, sinking on the floor beside the sofa, I pressed my head against the pillows and wept as I had not wept for a long while.

Presently I heard a step in the passage. Some one knocked at my door. I did not answer, or even raise my head; I dreaded that they should see my tears. Again the knock was repeated; but I never moved. At length the door opened, and I knew, without looking back, that it was my step-mother who stood near me. She laid her hand gently on my shoulder, saying, "Heffie, my poor child, what is the matter? Are you ill, or in trouble, or has any one been unkind to you? Do tell me."

But still I did not move, but kept my face buried in the sofa pillow.

"Heffie," she said again, and this time there was even a little sternness in her voice, "Heffie, listen to me. I must speak to you; I must know what all this means."

Her manner quieted me in an instant. I let her raise me from the floor, and, seating herself on the sofa, made me sit beside her, put her arm round me, and drew my head to rest on her bosom. She did not try to stop my tears altogether: they were flowing more quietly now; but I was cold and trembling, though my head was burning; and, taking one of my hands, she gently chafed it in her own without speaking a word for some time. At last, as I grew calmer still, she spoke again.

"Heffie, dearest love, why will you not tell me what is troubling this poor little heart so much?"

"Because, because I can not tell any one. I must not; indeed I must not. Nobody could help me if I did."

"Is it so very bad, dear—so incurable? Oh, Heffie! I would be to you in your dear mother's place if you would let me—if you would open your heart to me, and trust me as you would have trusted her. You are too young to bear all this grief alone. Will you not trust me with part of it, at least?"

What right had I to all this tenderness from her, those words of sympathy—I who, for nearly a whole year, had coldly cast away the love she would have given me? Did I deserve it now? I knew I did not; but that last appeal—so tenderly, so earnestly made—seemed to touch somewhere in my heart a chord that had never thrilled before. My proud, wayward heart was bowed in a moment, powerless to close itself any longer; for she had found the right key, and used it skillfully. Yes, after a year's hard striving (cold and resisting on my side, patient and gentle on hers), I was conquered at last; and, subdued and humbled as a penitent child, I lay weeping in her arms, depending on her love. And there, in the shadow of the dark November twilight, I told her all my trouble: no, not all, only a part; but she (with the quick insight of her woman's sympathy) guessed the rest. She did not say many words to comfort me. She only said, "My poor child!" But I could feel her silent sympathy far more than words. I felt it in the closer pressure of her arms round me, in the touch of her hand on my hair as she tenderly stroked it from my forehead, and pressed an earnest kiss upon it.

"You are very young, dear," she said at length, "for such a hard battle; but you will gain the victory if you will ask for strength."

I knew not how long we remained together that evening. I can dimly remember trying to raise my head to ask her forgiveness for the past, and being hardly able to speak for the burning pain in it. And I remember how kindly she helped me to bed, and sat by my side for a long while, till she thought I had fallen asleep; but the next few days I can very faintly recall: they are almost a blank in my memory. I knew that I was very ill, and at one time in danger of dying. I lay in a half-sleeping, half-waking state, having no part in the life that was going on around me. My dreams were restless and distressed; always haunted by that one image—the pillar I had leaned on too long for strength. Once I thought my Cousin Arthur and I were walking on the side of a precipice: it was dark and foggy, and every step I was afraid of falling. At last I felt the arm I leaned on growing weak; but I thought it was still strong enough to support me. By degrees, however, it seemed to give way; my foot slipped, for the mist was in my eyes, and I felt myself falling. I cried out in my agony of fear, "Oh, Arthur, save me! do not leave me!" And then in my distress I awoke, to see Agnes bending over me, while she bathed my burning forehead.

"What is the matter?" I said. "Have I been ill? Where am I?"

"In your own room, Heffie dear. You have been ill; but you are better now," she answered.

"Oh yes, I am better now. Have you been near me long?"

"Mamma and I have both been with you. We want to make you well and strong again."

"Do you? I thought you could not love me. Why do you stay with me?"

"Stay with you, Heffie! Why should I leave you! You would not send me away, would you?"

"I thought you would hate me. I was unkind, cruel to you."

"Hush, Heffie, that is all over now. Let us try to forget it, shall we? But here is Dr. White coming to see you." And at that moment the door opened, and my step-mother and the doctor came in.

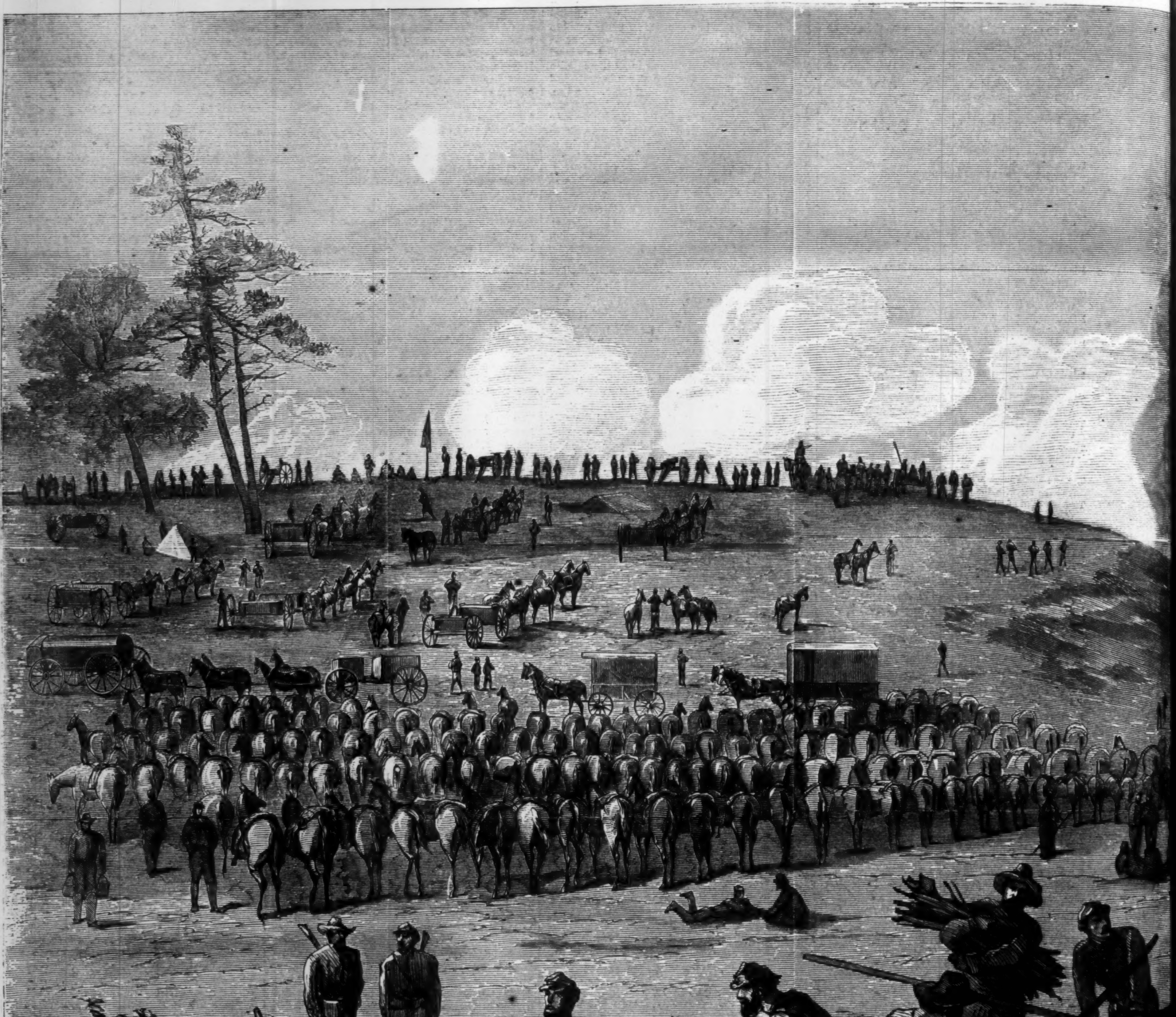
I will not dwell on those days of weakness, and weeks of slow recovery, that were ended at last. I have said that that time, as I see it now, was a troubled evil dream, from which the awaking was calm and tranquil as the clear shining after rain. Yes, the shining came at last; the battle was won, because the strength that won it was not my own. Well, the day arrived—the wedding day—his and hers. I saw them kneeling side by side, and heard the words, "I, Arthur, take thee, Agnes, to be my wedded wife." And in my heart I blessed them, him and her. And so they went away, and I tried to fill her place at home—tried to be to them what she had been; and they were very kind and patient with me, and would not let me see how sadly they missed her.

Nearly twenty years have come and gone since then, and many things are changed. My father and step-mother are sleeping side by side in the quiet village church-yard at Riverbank. The old house has been sold; but, as the new owner is now abroad, it has a melancholy, deserted look.

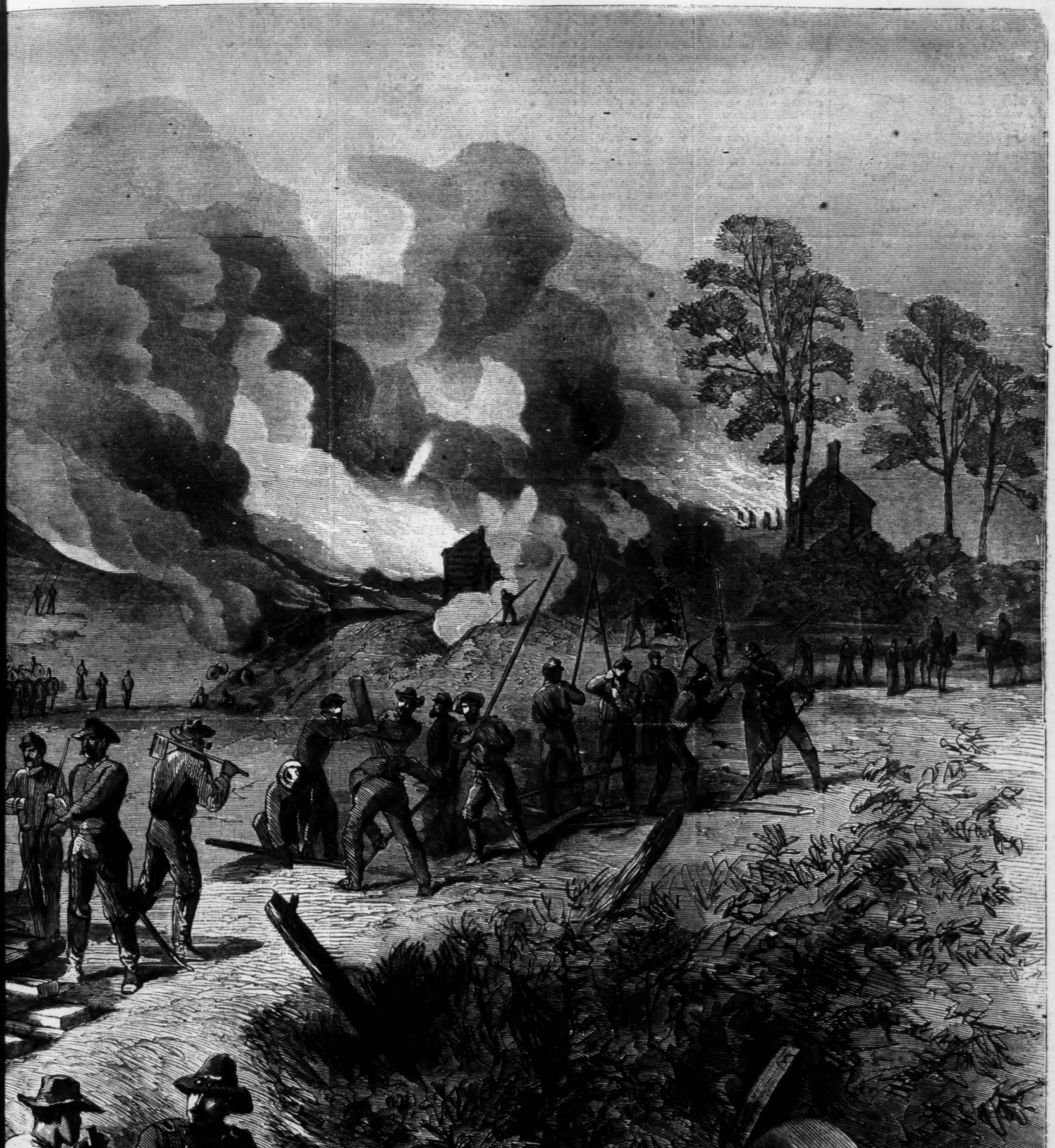
Arthur and Agnes have a sunny little home. They are very happy in each other; very happy in their one child, whom they have named Heffie. She is now a fair girl of eighteen, with the image of her mother's youth upon her. And as I gaze into the blue depths of those true, earnest eyes, I think, half-mournfully, half-thankfully, of the old days at Riverbank.

Aunt Rachel has left her pretty cottage at Ashwood, for the new rector and his wife have begged her to make her home with them, the rector's wife being Cousin Lucy.

And I, reader? my home is a small lodging in a quiet street. I have only two rooms; but they are snug and pleasant enough. And here I live, and write books, and make verses, very thankful if now and then I am allowed to add my little drop of help or comfort to the sea of human charity around me. And I am happy; for though my cup may never be full to the very brim, still I know it is fuller (how much fuller!) than I deserve.



GENERAL GRANT'S CAMPAIGN—DESTRUCTION OF LEE'S COMMUNICA



ONS BY GENERAL WILSON.—Sketched by A. R. Waud.—[See First Page.]

THE WHITE SAILS.

As I look out across the sea
  The white sails greet my longing sight,
Slow floating widely out from me,
  None ling'ring now where erst 'twas bright.

With many smiles, and many tears,
  We watch them fade along the way,
With many hopes, and many fears,
  Lest we have said "good-by" for aye.

Once more I look upon the waves,
  And once again the sails gleam white,
From those who are so true and brave
  Bear they a joy to me to-night?

Ah me! the white wings of the sea
  May bear me blessings never more:
The face mine eyes have longed to see
  Lies lifeless on a Southern shore.

QUITE ALONE.

By GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

BOOK II.—WOMANHOOD.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

ON THE RIVER BANK.

HE who writes these lines was, many years since, dining in a cheap restaurant in the Palais Royal. He liked to dine in state, but being poor, was forced to put up with the second-floor splendor of the great Palace of Gormandizing. The glass is as glittering and the gilding as gaudy in the attic as in the basement of this place, only there is a diminution of price correspondent to the ascent you make, and, by an odd paradox, you lose caste as you mount. What matters it? If that which they call a poulet à la Marengo on the first floor be, as they assert, a nasty mess hashed up from the scourings and leavings of better cook-shops, and the poulet down stairs be a triumph of the art in which Carême and Ude excelled, it must come to the same thing in the long-run. Abate a little for the difference in flavor—and what is flavor? Is there any thing nastier than an olive, or caviar, or the trail of a woodcock, at first tasting? You will find both dishes equally rich in color, multifarious in ingredients, rich and sloppy. And both will make you equally bilious the next morning.

He of whom I write, then, being pinched in purse, dined, not at Véfour's below, but at the humbler Richard's above. He had some youth and health remaining then. He could look upon the wine when it was red, or even when it was the lividest ordinaire ever manufactured, without dreading its after effects. He paid his forty sous; had his three courses; fed, and was content.

Now here was a thing which struck him between his third service and his dessert, on the instant occasion consisting of a pear—a pear so swollen, supine, and sleepy that, being a Radical young man at that period, he likened it to an Elder Brother of the Trinity House. The [illegible] struck him thus. Richard's is *very* brave [illegible] in looking-glasses. There are mirrors on every side of you. Though ever so solitary at a table you need never, if reflection can help it, be alone. You have the company of yourself. Eyes right and eyes left, and then turn volte-face: so you are quadrupled. You become twins twice over: quins, if I may coin such a word.

The person discoursed of, however, was satisfied with using the knife, fork, and plate before him as a plane of perspective, and looked straight before him without changing his base. In front of him was a very large looking-glass in a very gay gold frame. Naturally in this he saw himself. Naturally, also, he saw reflected in the looking-glass which was at the other end of the dining-hall another self of his taken dorsally. And in equal obedience to the immutable laws of nature, the starting-points of reflection and refraction being once established, there stretched before him an interminable vista of mirrors that were before and mirrors that were behind, of front selves and back selves, of table-knives, forks, and chandeliers over and over again, to infinity. So, lately, standing upon a high tower upon a rock, looking upon the Falls of Niagara, did this same person ask, unthinkingly, and like a fool as he was, of the negro who was his guide, whether the rush of waters were always in that wise: whereon the black man answered him, not according to his folly, but in simple wisdom: "I 'spect, mas'r, it's gwine on so for ebber and ebber." For ever and ever. The solemn words brought the scene of the looking-glass back to his mind. They too went on for ever and ever. Although the vanishing lines of the perspective diminished at last to a pin's point, and their continuity was undiscernible to the keenest gaze, there must have stretched on, more and more microscopically delineated, myriads upon myriads more looking-glasses, tables, knives, forks, and diners. The old schoolmen used to hold disputations on the numbers of legions of angels that could dance on the point of a needle. The thesis is not so absurd as it seems. Give us but a lens of sufficient magnifying power and we might discover how upon some spicula of matter ten thousand times finer than a "Coventry hundred," not thousands, but millions of God's creatures, having heads, and lungs, and ducts, and bowels, and lives, do dance.

The looking-glasses, then, went on forever and ever. There could not be an end to them, for they had two ends. There could not be a beginning, for there were two beginnings, or rather the beginning was the end, and the end was the beginning; for the foremost mirror did no more and no less in glancing back its fellow than did the hindermost one. It was the old, old story of the serpent with its tail in its mouth.

And while he who had paid forty sous for his dinner was gazing on this, and musing upon it, the deft waiter approached him from behind with the sleepy pear. He saw him in the glass. He was a very white-faced waiter, and his grin was ghastly. Late hours, much gas, and the steam of many dinners, had made him hopelessly pallid. Never too much flesh had he, I wot, and that which he had originally possessed had wasted away beneath the influence of the gas-burners and the stew-pans, so that he looked now merely as though a wan leathery integument had been drawn, for decency's sake, over his skull. With his closely-cropped cranium, whiskerless jaws, gleaming teeth, sunken eyes, hollow cheeks, white cravat, with his monstrous bow and ever-present smirk, he was uncommonly like a genteel death's-head. Something like a shudder came over the guest as he looked upon this fetch of Mortality, smirking in the midst of the vast image of Eternity streaming away from him. As there were more mirrors, so were there more Death's-head waiters; and they encompassed him on every side, and went on for ever and ever. Oh! mortal man, for ever and ever.

That Life should be so dove-tailed into Death, faster and firmer than the cunningest joiner, with his glue and his mortice, ever dreamt of, is but natural, is but the way of the world, is but decreed beyond our comprehension and our conception. Better, perhaps, to take them as they come, and wait for the end in humble hope, than to continue peering into the looking-glasses till we go mad.

Much the more so, as the yellow forehead of the King of Terrors is often wreathed with flowers, as the worm that never dies has the prettiest painted skin imaginable, as Death is but the reverse side of an arras all woven in gay designs representing the innocent pastimes of Arcadia, and the lives of gods and goddesses. What did Mr. Wordsworth's simple child, down Rydal Mount way, know of death? The church-yard was her play-ground. Those who slept beneath were not dead, but her brothers and sisters, and they were seven. Death, after all, is of the chameleon kind. Scan him very narrowly and he changes hue. Get over the embarrassment of a first acquaintance, and he turns out to be somebody else. He is no longer Death, but Life Eternal.

Now, there was a certain little maiden who had lived all her life on the very brink of the grave; who had been cradled, as it were, in a coffin, and swaddled in cerecloths, and whose playthings were, after a manner, skulls and cross-bones, a mattock and a spade. Of course I am speaking metaphorically. The certain little maiden, pretty little Mademoiselle Amanda, had no bodily acquaintance with the ugly things I mention. Yet she knew all about them, heard them talked about every hour in the day, lived over them and bore their icy neighborhood with great philosophy. Why should she trouble her innocent young head about such horrors? She had been for long years accustomed to them; besides, they were her good papa's business, not hers. She was very fond of her good papa. She was very fond of every body. She was but seventeen years of age; and at that period of life I have known youngsters who were fond of spiders and monkeys, and the ugliest of dogs, and the crossest of cats.

Mademoiselle Amanda lived in the left wing of the Edifice, which was but one story high. The Edifice was called (I am afraid) The Morgue. Her good papa had his office in the opposite wing, and there he kept his huge vellum-bound and brass-clamped registers, which were quite as bulky, and well-nigh as numerous, as the books of a London banking-house. Papa was a public functionary. He held a responsible post in the service of the good city of Paris, and lodging, fire, and candles were allowed him gratis. Amanda's sitting and bedroom were just over the large room on the ground-floor, occupied by the lodgers in the Edifice. The lodgers never disturbed her, although they came in at all hours, some of them very unseasonable. They were the quietest lodgers in the world. They seldom stopped more than two or three days, and, strange to say, they paid nothing for their bed or their board—if that could properly be called board which was in reality stone. Amanda's parlor was quite a grove of singing-birds. She had two canaries, she had a thrush, she had a linnet. She had a blackbird who sang the "Marseillaise" and the "Parisienne"—airs not then entirely prohibited in France—but who discreetly avoided the imputation of being an out-and-out Republican of the red kind by now and then tuning up "La Belle Gabrielle" and "Vive Henri Quatre," but who was not, by any means, a Bonapartist bird, seeing that he could never be persuaded to give so much as a bar of "Partant pour la Syrie."

Amanda's walls were hung with pretty lithographs and water-color drawings. On her balcony, overlooking the old houses on the quays, with their high roofs and blinking little windows, with the narrow bright blue Seine shining between, and the towers of Nôtre Dame overlooking all, she had a miniature conservatory. Yes, she had roses and geraniums and forget-me-nots, and the modest sweet-smelling mignonnette. She adored flowers: so seemingly did Blaise, her cat, though ofttimes chastised for lying perdu among the foliage, whence at his ease he could blink with covetous eyes upon the birds in their cages. She was fond of music too, this accomplished little Amanda, and had not only a pretty cottage-piano made by Pleyel, but absolutely a harp—a harp from the great Erard's factory. Her good papa denied her nothing. Sheets of music lay about—dulcet little barcaroles, and romances, and chansonettes, the which she warbled, accompanying herself meanwhile with such sweetness and such grace as frequently to elicit from her guests twitters of approving criticism. Then she drew—drew very prettily, too. Big classical heads with round chins, vacant eyes, broad foreheads, and tresses like coils of rope. These she finished in Italian chalk on tinted paper, to the delight of her professor, who was a mighty man from the Ecole des Beaux Arts. Did she paint? Yes, flowers, and a little landscape. Any thing else? Well, she embroidered charmingly; was not too fond of novel reading for a girl of her age, choosing even then the demurest of fictions, and utterly eschewing the fascinating but perilous MM. Dumas and Paul de Kock. She was very good and pious. She went regularly to mass, and had ses pauvres—her poor—whom she tended and succored quite as though she had been a staid middle-aged person. As yet her heart had said nothing to her. She had been to a ball but thrice in her life. Men, with the exception of Monsieur Philibert, she regarded as sweet and noble creatures, but still as devouring monsters to be feared and fled from. Ces terribles Messieurs, she called them. Monsieur Philibert she did not fear. He was old and fat, and she had known him long, and he was papa's good friend.

Little Amanda's mamma was dead. Nobody but herself, her father, and a bonne, lived on the first (and consequently top) floor of the Edifice. Down stairs there were people who took care of the lodgers, but she never saw them. There was a side-door for her to go out at, and once a week or so, when business was slack—for the lodgers were very capricious as to the time of their coming, though exceedingly regular as to that of their going—Amanda's papa would take her to dine en ville, and then to some little boulevard theatre, whence she would come back skipping and clapping her hands, and humming over the airs of the vaudeville couplets she had heard. The little girl was as good as gold, and as happy as the day was long.

On the very same morning that Jean Baptiste Constant was entertaining his friends at the Café Restaurant Chesterfield, Amanda, too, had company in the first floor of the Edifice. Lily was there. Now, I am afraid that Madame de Kergolay would have been very angry indeed had she known that her protégée was paying such a visit, or was in such a place. It was, perhaps, the queerest place in the world for a young lady who was being educated in genteel notions to find herself in. But it was all Madame Thomas's fault. That good woman could see that Lily was unhappy, that she was mourning in secret. She half divined the cause of her sorrow. She strove to assuage it by every means in her power, to divert the young girl's mind, and to lead her to more cheerful thoughts. "Ces jeunesses—these young ones are always the same. They get an idea into their heads, and it takes a hydraulic machine to get it out again. Let us try to amuse her. Let us strive to make her gay. She must be dull sometimes in that old place of ours. Yes, she must be in love. Malediction upon love, and yet one can hardly help blessing it at the same time. What an old fool I am! If Ma'amselle Lily is in love, I can not expect her to make a confidante of an old, worn-out, battered thing like me. Let us place her in contact with something young, and fresh, and innocent, to whom she can tell half her secret, and who will guess the rest. Did I say young, and fresh, and innocent? Ah, ma foi, they are all ready to guess ce calembourg-là. They can all find out what love is. Allons, I will take her to see Amanda. There can be no harm in that."

Amanda was one of Madame Thomas's great cronies. She had known and loved her ever since she was a little child. She had an awful reverence for Amanda's papa, whom she called Monsieur le Gardien; she had known his wife, that amiable blonde woman, with a perpetual cold in her head, which had ultimately got into her stomach, and so, reaching her feet, killed her. She entertained the profoundest respect for Monsieur Philibert, who, whenever he met her, rarely failed to regale her with the latest on dits and the choicest snuff. The first floor over the Edifice was, indeed, Madame Thomas's great gossiping shop. Whenever she had half an hour to spare she would slip away and revel in chat. Nor did her patronage of the Edifice stop there. Madame Thomas wasn't exactly a ghoul. She wasn't a vampire. She had no cruelty in her composition. She was a very kind-hearted old woman, well enough disposed to be jovial on occasion; but she had, in common with a great number of other old women, a secret and irresistible penchant for that which some persons are accustomed to call the horrible. She couldn't help it. About people's tastes it is useless to dispute. Every body has his taste, his whim, his fancy, his hobby. Madame Thomas had hers. She did not carry it to excess, but she was forced to gratify it sometimes. She liked to trot down stairs, at the termination of her gossip on the first floor of the Edifice, and see how the lodgers were getting on. It did her good. She liked it, although she was not very far removed from that period of life when she might reasonably expect to become a lodger herself, a permanent one, although not in *that* edifice. Sometimes the lodgers were green, and Madame Thomas would take a great deal of snuff; sometimes they were blue, at which she would take more, and cry "Pouah!" And not unfrequently they would be both green and blue.

Amanda did her best to entertain her guests. She bustled about, putting her birds through the most winning of their ways, and by clever tapping at the bars of their cages, and tempting them with bits of sugar between her pretty lips, eliciting from them the sweetest of their carols. Of her flowers, too, she made great show, blowing aside their petals, and turning up their delicate leaves to show her visitors. Then she sat down to the piano, and played some of her liveliest pieces; and then—no severer critics being near than a young girl as innocent as herself, and an old woman who knew no more of music than she did of Greek—she sang some arch little French songs—songs that had refrains like the fluttering of birds' wings, or the pattering of mice into their holes—songs which didn't mean much, and were mainly, if you please, nonsense; but which, at least, didn't mean mischief—at once a rarity and an advantage, I apprehend, in the vocal music of France the Fair.

By this it was breakfast-time. The bonne set the table, and laid out the simple summer cates on which the girl usually breakfasted—eggs on the plate, cream cheese, fruit, plenty of bread-and-butter, coffee, and a little thin red wine. "If good papa and Monsieur Philibert should come in," quoth Amandine, "their beef-steak and their omelet will be ready for them in five minutes." There was a stronger wine, too, for the use of good papa and his friends. Strange to say, the wine was always kept in a cupboard on a level with the dwelling-rooms of the Edifice. They had a cellar down stairs: why didn't they store their Bordeaux and their cognac there? Well, Amanda didn't like the notion. Perhaps she thought the cellar, so near the Seine, was damp; perhaps she feared that those lodgers, usually so well-behaved, might get up some night and inebriate themselves on her papa's potables. And the bare notion of one of those lodgers roaming about the cellar! Ugh!

By-and-by arrived good papa, and with him his ancient and constant friend, Monsieur Philibert. This last was the plumpest, rosiest, brightest-eyed, whitest-toothed, most contented-looking man you could wish to see on a summer's day, or out of the ranks of the twenty-seventh battalion of the Legion of the Seine, or out of the members of his own peculiar profession, which is saying a good deal. Philibert was a National Guardsman, and, as such, naturally wore spectacles, and was slightly inclined to corpulence. He was not quite a carpet warrior, however. That big bearskin, those epaulets of scarlet worsted, those snowy cross-belts, had shone with distinction at several barricades, and had loomed large in the fore-front of the battle, when the Boulevard du Temple, after Fieschi's horrid attempt on the king's life, was swept by troops. Philibert was not quite so angry with the half-crazy regicide as it would perhaps have beseemed a loyal man, bourgeois de Paris, and strong adherent of the order of things and the dynasty of July, to have shown himself. He spoke of the murderous Italian, pending his trial and condemnation, as "le Monsieur." Once he was heard to allude to him as "le pauvre diable." You see that Fieschi, with his infernal machine, although he missed the principal object of his hatred, and blew off, instead, his own fingers, and ultimately his own head, yet managed to kill Marshal Mortier, who, in full uniform, was riding by the side of Louis Philippe. And did not the murdered marshal have one of the grandest of funerals ever seen in Paris—triumphal car, winged Victories, gilt wreaths, pall of silver tissue, whole Birnam woods of ostrich plumes, horses draped in black velvet—every luxury, in fine? And was not Philibert there? Not Philibert in the bearskin and red epaulets of the civic soldier, but Philibert in full new glossy black, in plaited and ruffled linen, in shorts and silk stockings—Philibert with the cocked-hat known as chapeau bras beneath his left arm, and a shining ebony truncheon tipped with silver in his right hand—Philibert with a dress-sword by his side, a silver chain round his neck, and silver buckles in his shoes? For he also was a marshal of France, after a fashion, and had a right to bear a bâton.

He was, indeed, a master of the ceremonies attached to the Corporation of Undertakers—to the Pompes Funèbres—and in that capacity had conducted some of the most splendid funeral processions of modern times. The unthinking and the malicious called him a croque-mort, a vampire, a ghoul, but Philibert smiled philosophically at their sneers. The plump and rosy man was not only contented but proud of his profession. "I shall yet live," he would say, "to conduct the imposing ceremonies incidental to the interment of the great Napoleon, whose sacred remains are still detained by his barbarous and perfidious enemies on the Atlantic rock, where they slew him. What a funeral that will be! With the aid of the military force, the paraphernalia of the garde-meuble, and the choristers of the Opera, the Pompes Funèbres shall, please Heaven, far surpass all they have hitherto done. Funerals of Foy, Manuel, Louis the Eighteenth, S. A. R. the Duke of Berry—bah! those little parades of the Theatre shall all be thrown into the shade. When we file down the Champs Elysées, on our way to the Invalids, something shall be seen." Monsieur Philibert was an artist. Thus, though he half forgave Fieschi for shooting a marshal of France who could be sumptuously interred, he professed the utmost horror and indignation at the fate of the humble workmen and workwomen, victims to the indiscriminate massacre caused by the infernal machine. "Is not the fosse commune—the common ditch at Montmartre—gorged enough," he would say, "but that we must strive to choke it still more with misérables, coffined in white deal with tin-tacks, and shoveled into the earth at an expense to the good city of Paris of eight livres seven sols? And these émeutes, these riots, which, in my capacity as a member of the civic guard, I have the honor to assist in quelling. Dites-moi donc un peu, of what good is it shooting and bayoneting

all these deluded artisans and half-starved va nu-pieds? It is nobody's business to bury them decently, and after cumbering your register for a time, good papa, what is there for them but a pit filled with quick-lime? It is inconceivable. Poor people ought not to die. They should go away somehow, or, at least, they should save the administration the trouble of burying them at a tariff which I have no hesitation in affirming to be indecently and absurdly low. Why is there not a Ganges into which the corpses of ces hommes de rien du tout could be thrown, or a funeral pyre whereon their bodies could be incinerated? For such a ceremony, performed en masse, the Pompes Funèbres could, perhaps, display a taste and a luxury from the use of which, in individual cases, it is debarred." This was Monsieur Philibert's grand manner. There was no harm in him, however. He was one of the mildest and most placable of men. He was a widower, and his wife had once kept a baby-linen warehouse: what time, ere he himself had gone into the undertaking business, Philibert had not disdained to hold a senior clerkship in a Bureau de Nourrices: an agency office for wet-nurses.

THE BLOCKADE-RUNNER.

"Now, Lieutenant, the yarn," said I, as I filled my can.

"Yes, Lieutenant, and a tough one," cried Jerry Bloom, the smallest midshipman in the United States service; and a dozen more voices clamored in, impatient for the promised yarn.

A heavy sea was running; night had fallen; we were off watch, and snugly stowed between decks, with our legs under the gun-room table and a black bottle in our midst, and—jollier still—Lieutenant Bracetaut had promised a yarn. A smooth tongue of his own had that gentleman, and a fertile brain withal. His stories were the delight of the gun-room. His heart was as brave and strong as his appetite for grog, and every one loved him. He filled another glass, looked musingly at the oscillating lantern above our heads, and then made a beginning:

"It was not in these days of iron pots, cheese-boxes, and steam-engines, you must know," said he; "but on the dear old frigate *Florida—requiescat in pace!*—without her mate before a stiff breeze, and with more rats in her hold than in a North Sea whaler. We were the flag-ship of the African squadron. Prize-money was scarce, and the days infernally hot; when, just as the day dropped, at the close of September, we were overjoyed to hear tidings of—"

"All hands on deck if you want a share in *this* prize!" bawled the boatswain down the companion-way; and we ungraciously tumbled up, snapping Bracetaut's yarn without compunction, for we had become greedy for plunder on board the *Petrel*, and relinquished even our grog for the hope of a prize.

"Where is she?"

"What is she?"

"I don't see her."

"There she is to the sou'west," said the cockswain, pointing with his spy-glass.

"By Jove, a steamer, too!" cried Bracetaut, delightedly.

"The *Great Eastern*, stuffed with cotton to her scuppers," suggested Jerry Bloom, commencing a hornpipe; and every one else had some surmise to put forth as to the character of the strange craft.

"Bracetaut is right," said the Captain, who had been studying her intently with his telescope; "she's a steamer, and a big 'un. But she's not coming out; she's making for the Lights with her best foot foremost."

We were glad to hear it; for even cotton could be foregone for the sake of English rifles, hospital stores, and army stuffs. We cracked on more steam, unfurled the top-gallants, and made all preparations for a short chase. We had been to Philadelphia for coal, and were still fifty knots from our old blockading station on the North Carolina coast, to which we were returning. There was a heavy sea from the tempest of the day before; but the sky was cloudless and the moon unusually bright, and our craft was the swiftest in the squadron; so that, with so much sea-room, we had little doubt of overhauling the stranger before she could reach the protecting guns of Fort Macon. A mere speck at first, the object of our attention grew rapidly bigger as we sped on under the extra head of steam and the straining top-gallants. She enlarged against the sky as big as a whale, and in a few moments we distinguished the column of black smoke which her low chimneys trailed against the sky; but she seemed to have little canvas stretched. Indeed, the gale was yet so strong that any extensive spread of sail was imprudent.

"See what you make of her, Bracetaut," said the Captain, handing his telescope to the weather-worn seaman. "I would be sure that she's none of our own."

"Clyde-built all over," mused the Lieutenant, with his eye to the tube. "No one but a cockney could have planted her masts; and her jib has the Bristol cut. She sees you, and is doing her best. I doubt if you catch her."

"The h—ll we won't! Let out the studdin' sails! trim the jib!" roared the commander through his trumpet. "I'll spread every rag if we scrape the sky. More head if possible, Jones," he added; and the engineer went below to see what could be done.

The gale was strong, and her head of steam was already great; but we soon seemed to leap from crest to crest under the stimulus of replenished fires, and the masts fairly bowed beneath their press of canvas. Every body was agog with excitement, and half the seamen were in the rigging with peering eyes and noisy speculation as to the vessel and her contents.

"Try her with the big bow-chaser, Cap," suggested the Lieutenant; and the order was immediately given.

Boom! went the huge piece, as we quivered on the summit of a lofty wave, and the rushing bolt struck phosphor from a dozen crests ere its course was lost in the distance.

"No go! it's a good three miles," growled Captain B——, measuring the interval once more with his glass.

"Let *me* try," said Bracetaut, quietly taking his stand behind the gun, which was now being charged anew, and carefully adjusting the screws.

Again the sullen thunder spouted from the port, and we marked the ball by its path of fire.

"Gone again!" grumbled the skipper. "We're paving the floor of the sea with— Ha!"

For an instant the messenger had vanished like its predecessor; then, far away to the south, there sprang a fountain of spray—its last dip in the brine—and the mizzen-mast of the stranger snapped short off at the cross-trees, and dragged a cloud of useless canvas down her shrouds.

"Brave shot!" exclaimed the Captain. "Try again, Lieutenant."

"'Try, try again,'" sang that devil of a middy, Jerry Boom, renewing his hornpipe to the terror of the cockswain's bunions.

But the rigging of the stranger suddenly grew black with men, the broken spars were cleared away as by magic, another sail puffed out broadly from her foretop to make up for the defrauded mizzen-mast, and even as we gazed a strain of band-music came floating over the sea, with the "Bonny blue flag" for its burden.

"She's telling her name," said Bracetaut, laughing.

"Yes; but she's going to kick us," cried Jerry, as a long tongue of flame leaped from the stranger's stern; and the rolling thunder of her gun came to us almost simultaneously with the ball, which whistled through our tops, letting down a heavy splinter on the cockswain's head, who dropped like a dead man, but was only stunned.

It was evident that the stranger was plucky, and not to be taken alive. We still worked on her with our bow-gun, seldom doing much damage, but with the best of intentions; while she kicked off the point of our bowsprit with provoking ease, and burnt an ugly hole through our main-topsail.

"By Jingo! she's growing saucy," said Captain B——. "Now let *me* have a shy;" and grasping the piece with a practiced hand, he swiftly adjusted it.

"Huzza! I told you so! Clean through her poop!"

Sure enough the shot struck her after-bulwarks, and must have played hob with the chandeliers in the cabin.

"Just wait till we can give her a broadside," added the winger of the bolt, rubbing his hands good-humoredly.

"We mustn't wait too long, then," said the cool Lieutenant, "for I see the Look-out Lights. In half an hour we shall be under the guns of Fort Macon."

He pointed over the side as he spoke, far down the western verge, to a faint, lurid glimmering scarcely brighter than the many stars that surrounded it, but with the hazy lustre which there was no mistaking.

"The rebels are reported to have destroyed the lanterns," said I, suggestively.

"Don't you believe it, my boy," replied the old sailor. "They know when to dowse them and when to light a British skipper to their nest."

The chase had now lasted between two and three hours, and the fort at Cape Fear could not be more than twelve miles to our lee; we were still two miles from the stranger, and the chances were momently lessening of overhauling her in time, unless we should succeed in materially disabling her, while our own risk of becoming crippled from her well-directed stern-shots was very great. If the wind had been light the shots in our rigging would have impaired our speed but slightly; but the bracing gale that had us in its teeth lent us half our speed, and an unlucky shot in our cross-trees might be irretrievable.

"There! there! we have it now! Was ever such luck?" cried the Captain, with an oath. And our main-sail came down with a rush as he spoke, every one flying from the splinters of the mast, which was severed like a pipe-stem.

We all looked glum enough at this mishap, and began to consider the prize as a might-have-been. But the captain determined on a last effort, and ordered a broadside volley, though the distance, a mile and a half at least, made success extremely doubtful. The ship rounded to handsomely. The ports were open, the barkers already loaded and manned, and, at the given signal, a long sheet of flame leaped from the side, and the noble frigate roared and quivered to her keelson as the twenty simultaneous death-bolts of her terrific broadside rushed upon their prey. Another instant and a wild huzza swelled upward from our crowded deck; for the broadside was a success. The entire rigging of the stranger seemed in ruins; her bowsprit was trailing in the sea; and we could distinguish another ugly smash in her stern, which must have come very near destroying her precious flukes. Of course the prospect was now far better than before, but still by no means certain, as it was questionable whether we were not almost equally disabled in the rigging, and the rapidity with which the damaged tops of the stranger were mended and cleared away seemed miraculous, though she now gave over firing, apparently bent on safety only by sharp sailing. New spars were already up on our own mainmast, and, with a clew or two on the mizzen shrouds, and the use of the after-braces, with double duty on the mizzen top-gallant spars, our mainsail was again aloft, with cheering indications that we were gaining fast. In fifteen minutes we had so sensibly diminished the interval between us and our prey that we ceased firing, the Captain modestly desiring to take her with *some* clothes on, to use his own expression. But our confidence proved overweening. The lanterns of Cape Look-out were now left far away on our starboard quarter, and every forward furlong we made was so much nearer to the formidable fort. Just then a faint flash, like the horizon glimmer of summer lightning, shone above the waters far beyond the ship we were pursuing, and a hardly heard but ominous boom told us that the old sea-dragon, Fort Macon, was not sleeping in the moonlight. We now renewed our pelting of the stranger with further damage to her tops. Whereupon she veered for Shackleford Shoals, with evident intention of beaching herself if unable to get under the fort. Another quarter of an hour and we were within long range of the heavy coast guns of the fortress, who seemed to understand the state of the case perfectly, for her shells began to drop around us briskly. And now the great breakers of the sandy coast were plainly discernible on the starboard, tossing their white plumed, hurrying legions high above the beach, with here and there a bold, bluffy rise from the monotone of sand; and the Devil's Skillet—a dangerous reef—was boiling white a little lower down.

Shackleford Shoals is a low, narrow sand-bank, about twenty miles in length. Its lower extremity comes within three miles, at a rough guess, of the Borden Banks, or Shoals, on the easternmost point of which the fort is situated. The bank is every where treacherous, but especially at this southern point, where the dangerous shoals are covered with a deceitful appearance of profundity. And now, as we neared our expected prey, she made a bold push for this inlet; but as we dashed in between her and the fort, regardless of the latter's continuous firing, she altered her course, and steered right head-on for the fatal breakers on her starboard.

"She's bent on suicide!" said Jerry, who then ran below for his pistols, as the Captain ordered the boats to be manned.

"Has she struck?"

"No—yes—there she goes!"

Sure enough, she had grounded and slightly heeled over, but in such deep water that the soft sand of the shoals would not hold her long. Two of our boats were manned, with our beloved Lieutenant as commander of the expedition, and I in his boat. We pushed off with some difficulty, on account of the heavy sea. As we did so we saw the boats of the suicide also lowered, and pulling inside for the inlet. The rats were leaving the crib.

"You can get her off if you try, Bracetaut. Throw over every thing to lighten her," was the parting injunction of Captain B——, and as we pulled away he hauled his ship out of range of the fort. It *was* rather uncomfortable the way the shells ducked and plunged around us, or burst above our heads, but we pulled away for the prize. Our boat was the last to reach the ship—a first-class iron propeller, of great tonnage, and clipper-built. As the crew of the advanced boat climbed up her sides several crashes made us aware that the fort was turning her guns against the vessel, to deprive us of the plunder.

"And hot shot at that. Listen!" said Bracetaut to me; when the fizzing sound of the plunging hot shot was plainly distinguishable.

Our boat was within a rod of the prize when we perceived the men who had already boarded her jumping hastily over the bulwarks, dropping into their boat, and pushing off, as if something unusual was to pay. One had been left behind. It was the little middy, Jerry Bloom, who now appeared unconcernedly leaning over the side, and coolly awaiting the Lieutenant's orders.

"What's her cargo?" bellowed Bracetaut through his trumpet.

"POWDER!" sang back the shrill tones of the New-World Casabianca; and siz! siz! went the plunging red-hot shot; and crash! crash! they went against the floating magazine with frightful precision.

"Jump for your life!" roared the Lieutenant to Jerry. "Back-water, you lubbers! back, for your lives!"

We saw the midshipman join his palms over his head and leap from the gunwale of the fated ship. Scarcely had his slender figure cut the brine before a number of sharp reports were heard—then a long, deep, volcanic rumbling, that swelled into a terrific thunder, deafened our ears; a dozen columns of blood-red flame shot up to the stars; and we beheld the deck and majestic spars of the doomed blockade runner spring aloft in fragments! A huge black mass descended with a fearful splash a yard from our bows—the long stern-chaser going to the bottom—the sides of the powder-ship yawned wide open an instant, filled with fire, then disappeared, the flames dying out. The sea was plowed around us by the falling fragments of deck and spar, and the glorious steamer was no more!

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A PUBLIC LOSS.—The gentleman who lately took the fresh air in the Central Park is requested to restore it.

Earl Russell's first wife, the Countess of Ribblesdale, was a widow, and a lady of ample proportions; hence his lordship was called by the wits the widow's mite. "Oh!" exclaimed a lady to whom this witticism was related at a dinner party, "I now see how it came to pass that his lordship was cast into the Treasury!"

USEFUL KNOWLEDGE.—Brimstone. Any stone found on the edge of an artificial pond is Brim-stone.

What kind of gloves are like young niggers?—Black kids.

Why is a swell like a fellow fond of getting tight?—Because he often has a glass in his eye.

When are a man's brains most likely to change color?—When the brain dye (brandy) gets into his head.

Why can a lady never reasonably object to a gentleman putting his arm round her waist to support her?—Because its treating her in a *prop her* manner.

When is a Policeman like a Samaritan?—When he comes out of *Some area*.

Which city is made of the lightest materials?—Cork.

Murphy was asked how it was so difficult to waken him in a morning: "Indeed, master, it's because of taking your own advice, always to attind to what I'm about; so whenever I sleeps I pays attintion to it."

The reason why sailors so often marry vixens is, that all *salts* have an affinity for *acids*.

New explanation of "the golden mean."—To have gold and be too mean to use it.

Many ladies think themselves unable to walk a mile who would gladly dance three times that distance.

"Call that a kind man," said an actor, speaking of an absent acquaintance: "a man who is away from his family, and never sends them a farthing! Call that kindness!"

"Yes, unremitting kindness," Jerrold replied.

A learned doctor has given his opinion that tight lacing is a public benefit, inasmuch as it kills off all the foolish girls and leaves the wise only to grow into women.

"Why," said a country clergyman to one of his flock, "do you always sleep in your pew when I am in the pulpit, while you are all attention to every stranger I invite?" "Because, Sir," was the reply, "when you preach I'm sure all's right, but I can't trust a stranger without keeping a good look-out."

A Scotch minister, after a hard day's labor, and while at a "denner tea," as he called it, kept incessantly praising the "haam," and stating that "Mrs. Dunlop at hame was as fond o' haam like that as he was," when the mistress kindly offered to send her the present of a ham. "It's unco kin' o' ye, unco kin', but I'll no pit ye to the trouble; I'll just tak' it hame on the horse afore me." When, on leaving, he mounted, and the ham was put into a sack, but some difficulty was experienced in getting it to lie properly. His inventive genius soon cut the Gordian-knot. "I think, mistress, a cheese in the ither en' wad mak' a gran' balance." The hint was immediately acted on, and, like another John Gilpin, he moved away with his "balance true."

One asked another why learning was always called a republic. "Forsooth," quoth the other, "because scholars are so poor that they have not a sovereign among them."

An Irish fire-eater, previous to a trial in which he was the defendant, was informed by his counsel that if there were any of the jury to whom he objected he might legally challenge them. "Faith, and so I will," replied he; "if they do not acquit me, I will challenge every man of them."

A country schoolmaster had two pupils, to one of whom he was partial, and to the other severe. One morning it happened that these two boys were late, and were called up to account for it. "You must have heard the bell, boys; why did you not come?" "Please, Sir," said the favorite, "I was dreaming that I was going to Hudson, and I thought the school-bell was the steamboat-bell." "Very well," said the master, glad of any pretext to excuse his favorite. "And now, Sir," turning to the other, "what have you to say?" "Please, Sir," said the puzzled boy, "I—I—was waiting to see Tom off!"

A gentleman dining at a hotel, whose servants were "few and far between," dispatched a lad among them for a cut of beef. After a long time the lad returned, and was asked by the faint and hungry gentleman, "Are you the lad who took away my plate for this beef?" "Yes, Sir." "Bless me," resumed the hungry wit, "how you have grown!"

A certain dramatic translator, introducing a well-known comedian to Madame Vestris, said: "Madame, this is Mr. B——, who is not such a fool as he looks." "True, Madame," said the comedian; "and that is the great difference between me and my friend."

An Irish crier at Ballinasloe being ordered to clear the court, did so by this announcement: "Now, then, all ye blackguards that isn't lawyers must lave the coort."

Lord M—— had a very exalted opinion of his own cleverness, and once made the following pointed remark: "When I happen to say a foolish thing I always burst out a laughing!" "I envy you your happiness, my lord, then," said Charles Townsend, "for you must certainly live the merriest life of any man in Europe."

"Do come and dine with me," said John to Pat: "you must; though I have only a nice piece of beef and some potatoes for you." "Oh! my dear fellow! don't make the laist apology about the dinner, it's the very same I should have had at home, barrin' the beef."

A toping bookseller presented a check at the banking-house of Sir W. Curtis & Co., and upon the cashier putting the usual question, "How will you have it?" replied, "Cold, without sugar."

A tradesman having dunned a customer for a long time, the debtor at last desired his servant one morning to admit him. "My friend," said he to him, "I think you are a very honest fellow, and I have a great regard for you; therefore, I take this opportunity to tell you, that as I shall never pay you a farthing, you had better go home, mind your business, and don't lose your time by calling here. As for the others, they are a set of vagabonds, for whom I have no affection, and they may waste their time as they please."

Sergeant Whitaker, one of the most eminent lawyers of his day, was an eccentric. A friend, at one of the assize towns, offered him a bed, and the next morning asked him if he had found himself comfortable and warm. "Yes, madam," replied the sergeant; "yes, pretty well, on the whole. At first I felt a little queer for want of Mrs. Whitaker; but recollecting that my portmanteau was in the room, I threw it behind my back, and it did every bit as well."

A GENUINE IRISH BULL.—Sir Boyle Roche said, "Single misfortunes never come alone, and the greatest of all possible misfortunes is generally followed by a much greater."

In the last illness of George Coleman, the doctor being late in an appointment, apologized to his patient, saying that he had been called in to see a man who had fallen down a well. "Did he kick the bucket, doctor?" groaned out poor George.

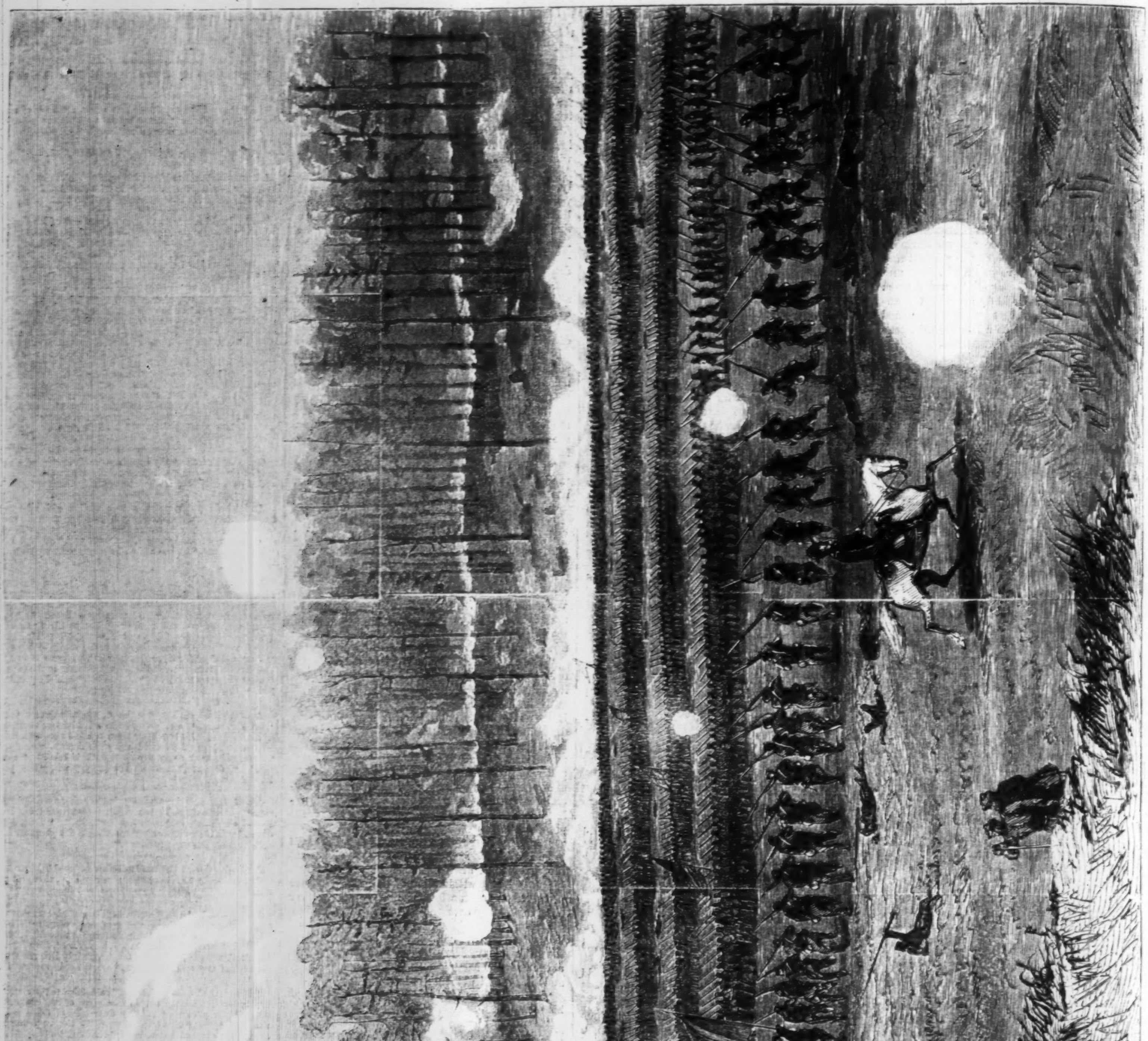
An overbearing barrister, endeavoring to brow-beat a witness, told him he could plainly see a rogue in his face. "I never knew till now," said the witness, "that my face was a looking-glass."

A professor of legerdemain entertained an audience in a village, which was principally composed of miners. After "astonishing the natives" with various tricks, he asked the loan of a half-penny. A miner, with a little hesitation, handed out the coin, which the juggler speedily exhibited, as he said, transformed into a sovereign. "An' is that my bawbee?" exclaimed the miner. "Undoubtedly," answered the juggler. "Let's see 't," said the miner; and turning it round and round with an ecstasy of delight, thanked the juggler for his kindness, and, putting it into his pocket, said, "I'se warn't ye'll no turn't into a bawbee again."

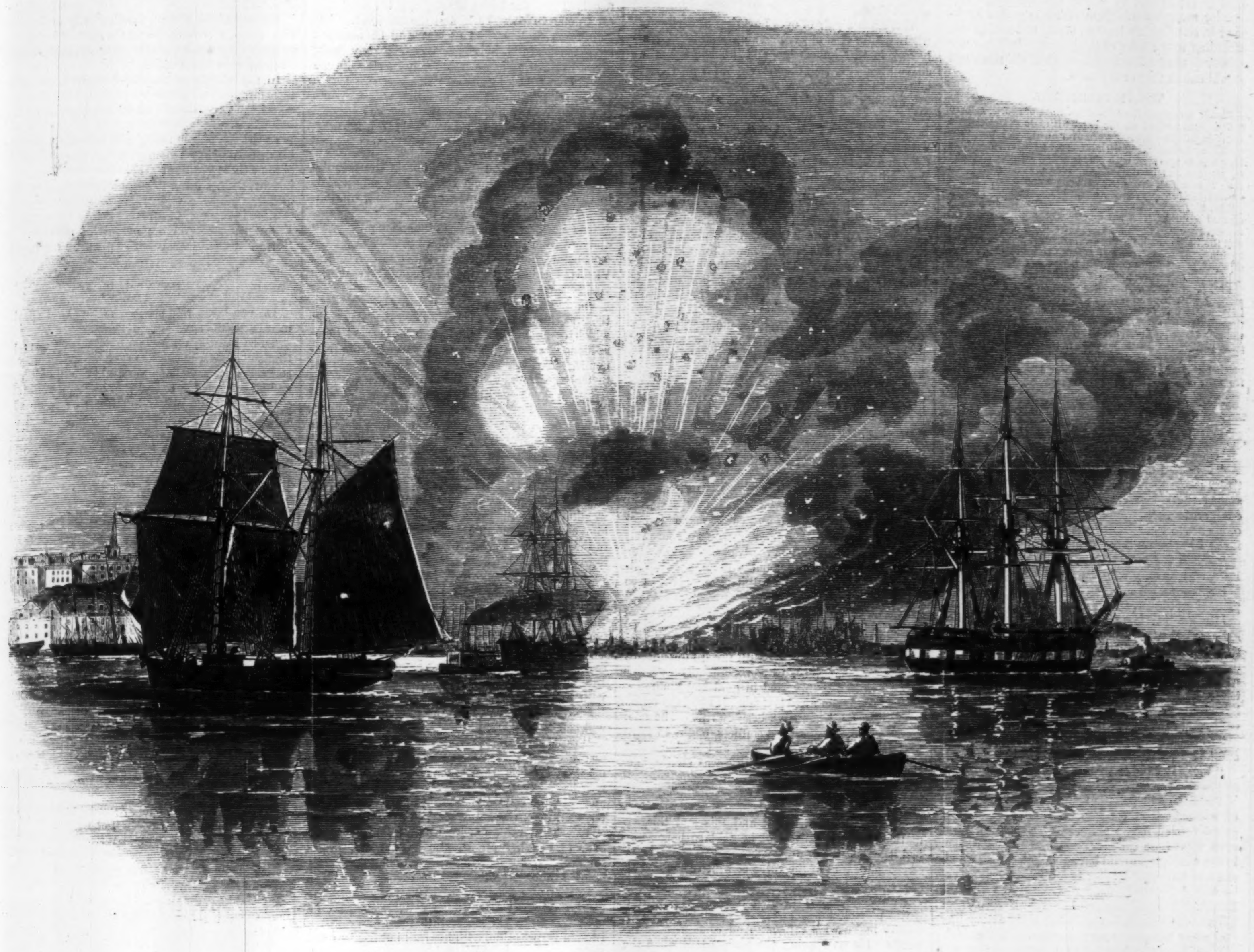
Two pedestrian travelers had taken up their quarters for the night at a Highland hotel in Breadalbane: one of them next morning complained to his friend that he had a very indifferent bed, and asked him how he had slept. "Troth, man," replied Donald, "nea vera well either; but I was muckle better aff than the bugs, for de'il ane of them closed an e'e the hale night!"

Prejudices are like rats, and a man's mind like a trap; they get in easily, and then perhaps can't get out at all.

A Quaker said to a gunner, "Friend, I counsel no bloodshed; but if it be thy design to hit the little man in the blue jacket, point thine engine three inches lower."



GENERAL SHERMAN'S ADVANCE—ATTACK ON THE ENEMY'S CENTRE, NEAR MARIETTA, GEORGIA.—SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]



THE GREAT FIRE IN BROOKLYN, July 15, 1864.—[See First Page.]

PARIS FASHIONS FOR JULY.

The caprices of the Paris fashions are becoming more and more eccentric, and there has been such a succession of cosmopolitan innovations, from English jockey-caps to Russian boots, that the present summer attire is any thing but Parisian. These liberties place elderly ladies in the dilemma of either following fashions not suitable to their years, or of subjecting themselves to ridicule by the opposite course. The bonnet is especially eccentric. The Parisiennes seem to be suited with the slightest covering for the head. In dresses silks of light color, Chambéry gauzes, and double barèges are still in vogue, especially for the costumes of a single color now so much patronized. Bottines are now fre-

PARIS FASHIONS FOR JULY, 1864.

quently superseded by boots: the Empress's cordonnier manufactures them either in yellow leather or in soft English leather, black, violet, or green, according to the color of the jupons. It is scarcely necessary to mention that the color of the stockings should match that of the boots.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS.

Fig. 1. *Dress for the Sea-side.*—Robe of saffron-colored taffeta, ornamented on the skirt with two passementerie trimmings. The dress is worn over an alpaca jupon, vandyked, and alternating with blue and white stripes. The long vest is provided with blue cuffs and lapels, completed by buttons and brandebourgs. White waistcoat, Louis XV. Tuscan hat, decorated with eagle and ostrich feathers. Lilac *bottines russes*, with high heels.

Fig. 2. *Dress for a Young Lady.*—Silk robe of white spotted foulard. The skirt is trimmed with an ornamental ruching placed between two rows of fluted ribbon; and the basque and sleeves are furnished with a similar ruching. Bonnet of mauve crape, the quiet appearance of which is somewhat enlivened inside and outside by the addition of four white marguérites half buried in the crape.

Fig. 3. *Walking Dress.*—Dark green silk dress, ornamented with bows of corded silk and tassels; a similar but smaller bow is attached to the shoulder and falls on the sleeve. The collet is of black guipure, forming, with the rich black lace pelerine trimmed with jet, a most elegant pardessus. Black horse-hair bonnet, the trimming of which is composed of rich Magenta velvet mixed with black lace and ivy-leaves; a narrow jet fringe descends from the edge of the chapeau.

IN A NUT-SHELL.

I.

"I SAY, Rose, girls are a nuisance!—aren't they?" said Raymond Dexter, lounging at length among the silken cushions in his sister's boudoir one morning. "I wouldn't give that!"—with a snap of his aristocratic fingers—"for the whole crew, so far as I know any thing about them!"

"When did you see Victoria last?" questioned Rose, with an expressive lifting of her pretty brows.

She was pretty, indeed—a dainty snowy and pink piece of prettiness.

Her brother, Raymond Dexter, was what the ladies called a "love of a man;" effeminately handsome and fastidious, sporting white hands and perfumed locks, yet a full-statured man physically, with a broad white brow that ought to have had intellect under it, and a deep dark eye that ought to have flashed with the language of an energetic and cultivated vitality.

The flash came transiently as his sister spoke; and he said, with some impatience,

"Victoria Field is the greatest nuisance of them all!"

Victoria Field was the name of the latest edition of womanhood that Raymond Dexter had had a grand passion for—a plain, dark woman, without even what Rose called "style." The last woman in the world, one would have thought, for an exquisite like Raymond Dexter to fall in love with. Yet he had deliberately done so foolishly as that, as Rose had shrewdly suspected.

Victoria Field was at the bottom of the astounding opinion he had just expressed concerning "girls."

Rose, however, was far from apprehending the extent of the mischief. She would have opened her languid blue eyes to much more than their usual dimensions if she had known that Miss Field—that plain, dark girl, with no style, and no beauty, and no expectations, so far as any body knew—had refused to become the wife of her brother Raymond—positively refused. Nay more, and which rankled in his consciousness still, when he, totally at a loss to understand such perversity toward invincibility like his, asked and politely pressed for a reason for her refusal, instead of telling him, as she had a perfect right to do, that her reasons were no concern of his, she rose and asked him, with that outspokenness which was one of her charms for him, if he expected her to give him her sole and only reason, or— He knew that that pause meant that if she could not give him the true reason she should not give any; besides, as was natural, he wanted the truth, of course.

She crossed the room then, and took from the window, where it hung, a little crystal flask and brought it to him, put it in his hand, and stood looking at him with a sweet, grave, half-sad wistfulness. She had beautiful eyes!

The flask was one of those toys with which some curious people amuse themselves. We have all heard of or seen such, I dare say. An acorn suspended by a thread from the mouth of the flask within had sprouted in that narrow compass and become an oak—an oak truly, but in miniature, dwarfed, and of course could only, its present brilliancy past, drag on a sickly existence, and die at last in such confined quarters.

Holding it so between his hands—awkwardly enough, too, considering that he was Raymond Dexter—Miss Field could hardly help seeing that her shaft had sped home. "What if I should break the flask?" he said, with a sudden abruptness and brevity surprising to himself.

"I wish you would," she said, eagerly, her hand falling lightly upon his arm. He stole a swift glance at the grave, sweet eyes that were regarding him almost pleadingly, then, with a very vague consciousness of where, or what, or who he was, he said good-morning, and left her.

The flask, unbroken still, hung in the airiest place in his room, and he made it a principle not to look toward it when he could possibly help it. What did the girl mean by giving him a "potted acorn?" as he called it. If he didn't know what she meant he ought to have asked her—that's all; and, for a man in a state of unconsciousness as to the meaning of the girl he fancied he loved, he had a most singular habit of thrilling and turning scarlet every time he thought of her little hand upon his arm, and her beautiful, wistful eyes upon his face.

II.

IN the deep, wide parlors that night Rose Dexter entertained her "thousand and one" friends, or something less—a gay crowd, with the surge of music and plume and perfume among it, and the flash of bright eyes and scintillant diamonds. Dainty little Rose had admirers enough to have turned wiser heads than hers; but the worst of it was, that she was inclined decidedly to a preference among them.

There was a pair of eyes hovering always somewhere within view of her that slowly and reluctantly took in that knowledge, and the graying brows above those eyes knit themselves and frowned anxiously at the consciousness.

Two only of the danglers in the beauty's train did these eyes see. Leeds Entresol and Frank Brandon. Leeds Entresol, tall, dark, magnificent, with a voice deep and vibrant as smothered cataract, and a jetty wealth of whisker and mustache. Rose both sought his glance and shrank from it. The other, Frank Brandon, a slight, careless, graceful young fellow, as light as the first was dark—gay, laughing, genial; but with neither laugh nor geniality for any one in the room save pretty, pretty Rose. She blushed often at some things he said to her; but she laughed too, and the blush might have been as much for Entresol as for Brandon, since often the one could not well help hearing what the other said.

Entresol said little, Brandon much; and Brandon was scarcely absent from her side an instant the whole evening, when it was possible to be by her.

Entresol seemed swayed by circumstances, near her or away, as it chanced; but with his eye losing none of her pretty witcheries, the smiling coquetries, which she dispensed about her.

Perhaps he could hear across the room, or else had singular facility in translating the movement of Rose's tripping lips, for though at the other side of the wide parlor, when, with a furtive glance at him and a low trilling laugh, she said something to Brandon about the Black Prince, he made his way at once from the parlors, and deputing his farewell courtesies to a friend, left the house.

Among the throng, but not of them, paced William Dexter, banker and millionaire. It was so rare—his presence in such scenes—even in his own house, that few knew him even, and from those who did he kept mostly aloof. A grave, silent man, watching from under nearly gray brows—watching and commenting with inward discontent.

The two emotions, passions, affections of this man's life had been vested in gold and kindred—the getting the one and lavishing it upon the other.

His life need not have been sterile. The one, warmth and wideness and softness, ought to have protected it from the barrenness and hardness that the other gendered. Yet his life was sterile, barren, desert, as a rock in an unfruitful country.

He had slaved, toiled like any bondman, early and late, that he might surround those two, Raymond and Rose, with this and this and this, no matter if it cost its weight in gold, so long as he had it. And the two were as prodigal as might be expected of that of the value of which they had no appreciation beyond the pleasure it purchased.

He had refused them nothing all their lives that it was possible for him to grant them, and the possibility had a wide range. And what was his reward? He was pacing the parlors still when the last guest, Frank Brandon, lingering long, finally departed, with an expressive pressure of little Rose's hand.

William Dexter knew this young man for a scoundrel, notwithstanding his frank face and genial ways, and had forbidden Rose to hold any intercourse with him long enough before this evening. He had supposed himself obeyed; but this evening's observation had shown him that, far from that being the case, the two were on surprisingly familiar terms.

"Rose?"

The girl turned from her light good-night to young Brandon with a little nervous start. She had not been conscious of her father's presence all the evening, and she colored some now upon becoming aware of it, and remembering at the same time what he had said to her about Frank Brandon.

Mr. Dexter's anger, under constraint all the evening, burst forth now with proportionate violence.

Rose shrank palely before it, and at the first lull in the storm escaped to her apartment.

This was not all the evening's happening. In an earlier portion of it Mr. Dexter had overheard a conversation between some of the guests which had stung him with the truth it suddenly forced him to accept, a truth that had long been knocking at the door of his consciousness, but to which he had refused to listen until now. It concerned Raymond; and Raymond entering the room just then from an adjoining one, he turned upon him suddenly with a quotation from it that struck him suddenly white, between anger and amazement:

"'Raymond Dexter had in him originally the material for a *man*, but a more conceited, brainless coxcomb than he *is* I don't know in the whole range of my acquaintance.'"

Raymond caught his breath fairly. The words expressed so nearly a thought that had been vaguely trying to thread the chambers of his brain ever since Victoria Field's refusal to become his wife. The spark that lurked under his effeminacy leaped suddenly now into flame, and died as quickly.

"Whose fault is it, father?" he said, low, but bitterly, and left the room abruptly.

William Dexter, pacing those magnificent parlors amidst the unquenched blaze of light that flamed all through them, pondered this question, but found no solution of it.

Whose fault was it? Not his. What could man do more than he had done for his children—for Raymond?

Raymond, pacing his own apartment a while, and finally with an impatient shrug throwing himself dressed as he was upon his bed, found no solution for it either.

Waking in the morning, Victoria Field's crystal toy dangled before him, and flashed taunting gleams in his eyes as the sun struck it. With an impatient movement he swept the curtain between him and it. What did the girl mean by telling him she wished he would break the flask? What would become of her young oak if he did that?

A plague upon the cold, strange girl! There were plenty of women—women worth having, too, who would have jumped at the offer she had refused. There was Laura Mason, now the handsomest woman in New York, and the cleverest. *She* hadn't any fault to find in him, and he wouldn't have been afraid to wager any sum any body pleased that if he had asked her to be his wife she would have said "yes," and "thank you" too. He had half a mind to set up a flirtation with her, just to show Victoria Field how little he was affected by her ambiguities.

III.

A WEEK only had passed, but in the fast life which he lived Raymond Dexter had improved it to the extent of becoming or imagining himself desperately in love with Laura Mason.

One morning, in a careless off-hand manner, very different from that on a similar occasion about ten days before, he asked her the same question he had Victoria Field, and got in substance his "yes, thank you."

Coming home, hiding himself in his own room, the first thing he saw was Miss Field's crystal flask, which he forthwith dashed from its bracket ignominiously, saying grimly as he surveyed the fragments, "You told me to break it." Then seeming to feel the light, white touch upon his arm, the beautiful eyes upon his face, sudden remorse seized him, and carefully gathering up the mutilated remains of the poor "potted acorn," he took them into the conservatory, and dislodging a superb African lily from its vase, deposited his young oak therein.

That night William Dexter coming home late, and tottering under some burden as though the weight of twice his years had suddenly settled upon him, clung to the door-post in the hall and listened to the murmur of voices that came from the drawing-room beyond.

Rose and Raymond were both there. No, that was not Raymond's voice, and suddenly throwing wide the door he entered and stood beside Rose. Rose with her little hand in Frank Brandon's, and her white eyelids drooping under his ardent gaze. She started away from him with a low cry as she saw her father looking so strangely; but Frank Brandon, after an instant's disconcertment, said, with a straightforwardness worthy a good cause, "I have been asking Rose to be my wife, Sir; she will consent if you will."

"Will she?" said the old man, strangely. "Well, go away now, young man, and if you come back to me to-morrow with the same plea on your lips you may have her and welcome." The morrow came, and before it had passed the name of William Dexter, bankrupt, was being bandied from lip to lip.

It was an utter crash; every thing was gone, even to Frank Brandon, who did not so much as send an apology for his non-appearance at the appointed time.

Rose, reeling under it all, but, strangely enough, retaining some portion of her delicate senses, crept after her wretched father into the library just in time to thrust aside, with her frail but frantic hand, the deadly muzzle he was holding to his crazed temples.

And then she staid by him till Raymond came, a very faded, sick little rose, but curiously with courage enough in her for that, and too much pride to trust a servant with her fear.

Raymond sent her away to her room when he came, but he held her in his arms a moment first. The eyes of the brother and sister met, with a strange new sympathy, in that hour of trial, and he said, as he let her go, "Never mind, sis." He was thinking of Frank Brandon then.

Watching with the poor old man, to whom an opiate had brought sleep at last, he stole once into the conservatory, twisting in his fingers a note that had come to him at nightfall from Laura Mason.

The young lady had repented her grateful affirmative of the day before, and took the first opportunity of informing him to that effect.

Raymond's lips curled; neither this blow nor the other seemed to have crushed him.

He bent a moment over the poor little "potted acorn:" it really looked like living after all, and Raymond turned away from it with a curious light in his eye.

In the midst of all that chaos of bewilderment and confusion as to what they should do, the old man sat all day with his head fallen upon his bosom, and Rose staid with him, scared and sick, but *sensible*, and Raymond rushed to and fro like a rudderless ship, eager, brave, but uncertain.

In the midst of all came a letter from a good old country gentleman, brother to William Dexter, offering the best at his command—a home to Rose and her father, and the lease of a small farm to Raymond.

Raymond winced, but he had resolved deliberately to accept the first honorable employment that offered, and really nothing else was to be had.

People knew too well how Raymond Dexter had been reared. Nobody had a good enough opinion of him to have him in their counting-house or salesroom. And so, dandy as he was, or had been, he wrote grateful, if reluctant, acceptance of his uncle's offer.

The three left town quietly, making no adieux; only, Raymond sent by a trusty hand to Victoria Field a small package, which, upon opening, proved to be merely some fragments of broken crystal. But Miss Field smiled tremulously when she saw them, and some tears from her beautiful eyes plashed among the broken bits.

IV.

UNCLE TOM DEXTER, as every one in that region called Raymond's uncle, stared and shook his head discouragingly at sight of his tenant.

Raymond colored and laughed, but succeeded in persuading his uncle "to give him a try."

It was what Uncle Tom called "up-hill work."

City exquisites are not transformed into hard-working farmers at a moment's notice. But Raymond had made the one resolve so necessary to success in any undertaking, viz., whatever he did, that he would do with all his might. Amidst all the rough and tumble of this new life his hitherto dwarfed energies, physical and mental, seemed to shake off fetters.

He stood forth a man, intellectually and physically, a son, a brother, filling the last days of his old father with peace, a guard to his sister, that no Frank Brandon ever again baffled.

In the fullness of time he brought home to the little farm—now his own, and something to be proud of, for the very reason that he had *made* it his own—Victoria.

In the soft purple twilight he led her up the walk his wife, stopping a moment by a young sturdy oak of some three years' growth, and saying, "God helping me, dear, I mean to grow with it." And so he has.

Rose is married to a man worth a thousand like Frank Brandon. I am not at all sure that the "crash" did not benefit her as much as Raymond.

BEATEN.

Do you know this peculiar feeling? I speak to men in middle age.

To be bearing up as manfully as you can: putting a good face on things: trying to persuade yourself that you have done very fairly in life after all: and all of a sudden to feel that merciful self-deception fail you, and just to break down; to own how bitterly beaten and disappointed you are, and what a sad and wretched failure you have made of life?

There is no one in the world we all try so hard to cheat and delude as ourself. How we hoodwink that individual, and try to make him look at things through rose-colored spectacles! Like the poor little girl in Mr. Dickens's touching story, we *make believe very much*. But sometimes we are not able to make believe. The illusion goes. The bare, unvarnished truth forces itself upon us: and we see what miserable little wretches we are: how poor and petty are our ends in life; and what a dull weary round it all is. You remember the poor old half-pay officer, of whom Charles Lamb tells us? *He* was not to be disillusioned. He asked you to hand him the silver sugar-tongs in so confident a tone that though your eyes testified that it was but a tea-spoon, and that of Britannia metal, a certain spell was cast over your mind. But rely on it, though that half-starved veteran kept up in this way before people, he would often break down when he was alone. It would suddenly rush upon him what a wretched old humbug he was.

Is it sometimes so with all of us? We are none of us half satisfied with ourselves. We know we are poor creatures, though we try to persuade ourselves that we are tolerably good. At least, if we have any sense, this is so. Yet I greatly envied a man whom I passed in the street yesterday; a stranger, a middle-aged person. His nose was elevated in the air: he had a supercilious demeanor, expressive of superiority to his fellow-creatures, and contempt for them. Perhaps he was a prince, and so entitled to look down on ordinary folk. Perhaps he was a bagman. The few princes I have ever seen had nothing of his uplifted aspect. But what a fine thing it would be, to be able always to delude yourself with the belief that you are a great and important person; to be always quite satisfied with yourself, and your position! There are people who, while repeating certain words in the litany, feel as it was a mere form signifying nothing, to call themselves *miserable sinners*. There are some who say these words sorrowfully from their very heart, feeling that they express God's truth. They know what weak, silly, sinful beings they are; they know what a poor thing they have made of life, with all their hard work, and all their planning and scheming. In fact, they feel beaten, disappointed, down. The high hopes with which they started are blighted—were blighted long ago. They think, with a bitter laugh, of their early dreams of eminence, of success, of happiness. And sometimes, after holding up for a while as well as they could, they feel they can do it no longer. Their heart fails them. They sit down and give up altogether. Great men and good men have done it. It is a comfort to many a poor fellow to think of Elijah, beaten and sick at heart, sitting down under a scrubby bush at evening far in the bare desert, and feeling there was no more left, and that he could bear no more. Thank God that the verse is in the Bible.

"But he himself went a day's journey into the wilderness, and came and sat down under a juniper tree: and he requested for himself that he might die; and said, It is enough; now, O Lord, take away my life; for I am not better than my fathers."

I thought of Elijah in the wilderness the other night. I saw the great prophet again. For human nature is the same in a great prophet as in a poor little hungry boy.

At nine o'clock on Saturday evening I heard pitiful, subdued sobs and crying outside. I know the kind of thing that means some one fairly beaten. Not angry, not bitter: smashed. I opened the front door, and found a little boy, ten years old, sitting on the steps, crying. I asked him what was the matter. I see the thin, white, hungry, dirty little face. He would have slunk away if he could; he plainly thought his case beyond all mending. But I brought him in, and set him on a chair in the lobby; and he told his story. He had a large bundle of sticks in a ragged sack—firewood. At three o'clock that afternoon he had come out to sell them. His mother was a poor washer-woman, in the most wretched part of the town; his father was killed a fortnight ago by falling from a scaffold. He had walked a long way through the streets, about three miles. He had tried all the afternoon to sell his sticks, but had sold only a half-penny-worth. He was lame, poor little man, from a sore leg, but managed to carry his heavy load. But at last, going down some poor area stair in the dark, he fell down a whole flight of steps, and hurt his sore leg so that he could not walk, and also got a great cut on the forehead. He had got just the half-penny for his poor mother: he had been going about with his burden for six hours, with nothing to eat. But he turned his face homeward, carrying his sticks; and struggled on about a quarter of a mile: and then he broke down. He could go no further. In the dark-

cold night, he sat down and cried. It was not the crying of one who hoped to attract attention; it was the crying of flat despair.

The first thing I did (which did not take a moment) was to thank God that my door-steps had been his juniper tree. Then I remembered that the first thing God did when Elijah broke down was to give him something to eat. Yes, it is a great thing to keep up physical nature. And the little man had had no food since three o'clock till nine. So there came, brought by kind hands (not mine), several great slices of bread and butter (jam even was added), and a cup of warm tea. The spirit began to come a little into the child. And he thought he could manage to get home if we would let him leave his sticks till Monday. We asked him what he would have got for his sticks if he had sold them all: ninepence. Under the circumstances, it appeared that a profit of a hundred per cent. was not exorbitant; so he received eighteen pence, which he stowed away somewhere in his rags; and the sack went away, and returned with all the sticks emptied out. Finally, an old gray coat of rough tweed came, and was put upon the little boy, and carefully buttoned: forming a capital great-coat. And forasmuch as his trowsers were most unusually ragged, a pair of such appeared, and being wrapped up, were placed in the sack, along with a good deal of bread and butter. How the heart of the child had by this time revived! He thought he could go home nicely. And having very briefly asked the Father of the fatherless to care for him, I beheld him limp away in the dark. All this is supremely little to talk about. But it is quite a different thing to see. To look at the poor starved little face; and the dirty hand like a claw: to think of ten years old: to think of one's own children in their warm beds: to think what all this would have been to one's self as a little child. Oh, if I had a four-leaved shamrock, what a turn-over there should be in this world!

When the little man went away I came back to my work. I took up my pen and tried to write; but I could not. I thought I saw many human beings besides Elijah in the case of that child. I tried to enter into the feeling (it was only too easy) of that poor little thing in his utter despair. It was sad enough to carry about the heavy bundle hour after hour, and to sell only the half-penny-worth. But it was dreadful, after tumbling down the stair, to find he was not able to walk; and still to be struggling to carry back his load to his bare home, which was two miles distant from this spot. And at last to sit down in misery on the step in the dark night, stunned. He would have been quite happy if he had got ninepence, God help him. When I was a boy, I remember how a certain person who embittered my life in those days was wont to say, as though it summed up all the virtues, that such a person was a man who looked at both sides of a shilling before spending it. It is such a sight as the little boy on the step that makes one do the like: that helps one to understand the power there is in a shilling. But many human beings, who can give a shilling rather than take it, are as really beaten as the little boy. They too have got their bags, filled with no matter what. Perhaps poetry, perhaps metaphysics, perhaps magazine articles, perhaps sermons. They thought they would find a market, and sell these at a great profit; but they found none. They have fallen down a stair, and broken their leg and bruised their head. And now, in a moral sense, they have sat down in the dark on a step; and though not crying, are gazing about them blankly.

Perhaps you are one of them.

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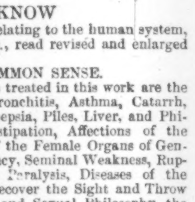

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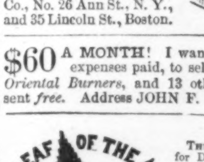

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